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CODE 6 COMICS
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THE CROSSOVERS
Robert Rodi
Mauricet
Ernie Colon
Mark McNabb

THIS IS NOT AN INTRODUCTION

You don't need one. Not after all the years you've spent immersed in comic books.

Thousands of stories have glided past your eyes, in every conceivable genre from superhero to supernatural, science fiction to sword & sorcery.

And let's not forget all the movies, novels, TV shows, and role playing games with which you've filled your waking hours.

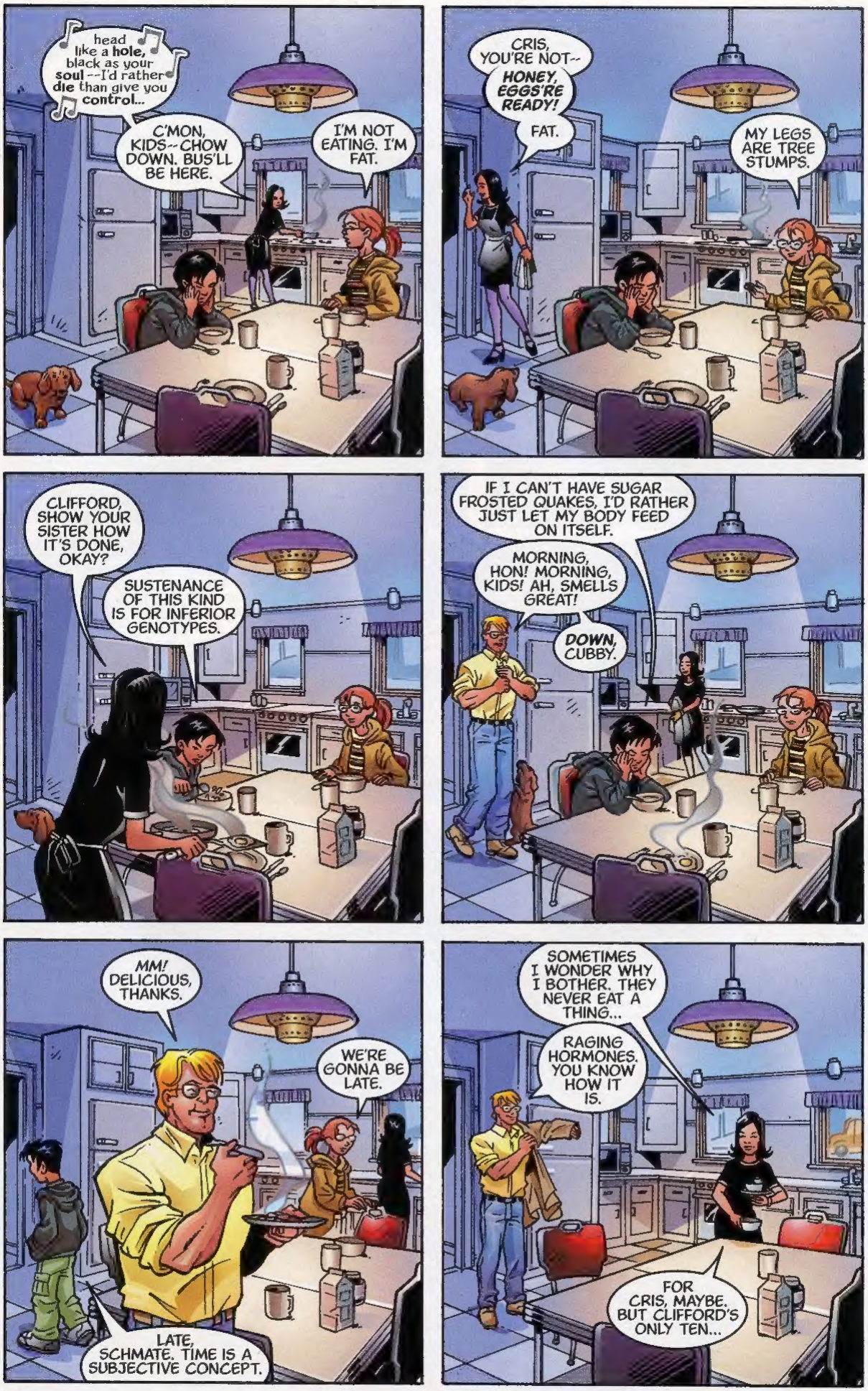
No, there's nothing I can tell you that you don't already know. Even though the characters you'll meet in this series are technically new, they're not unfamiliar to you. You know them already. You've seen them in countless other incarnations.

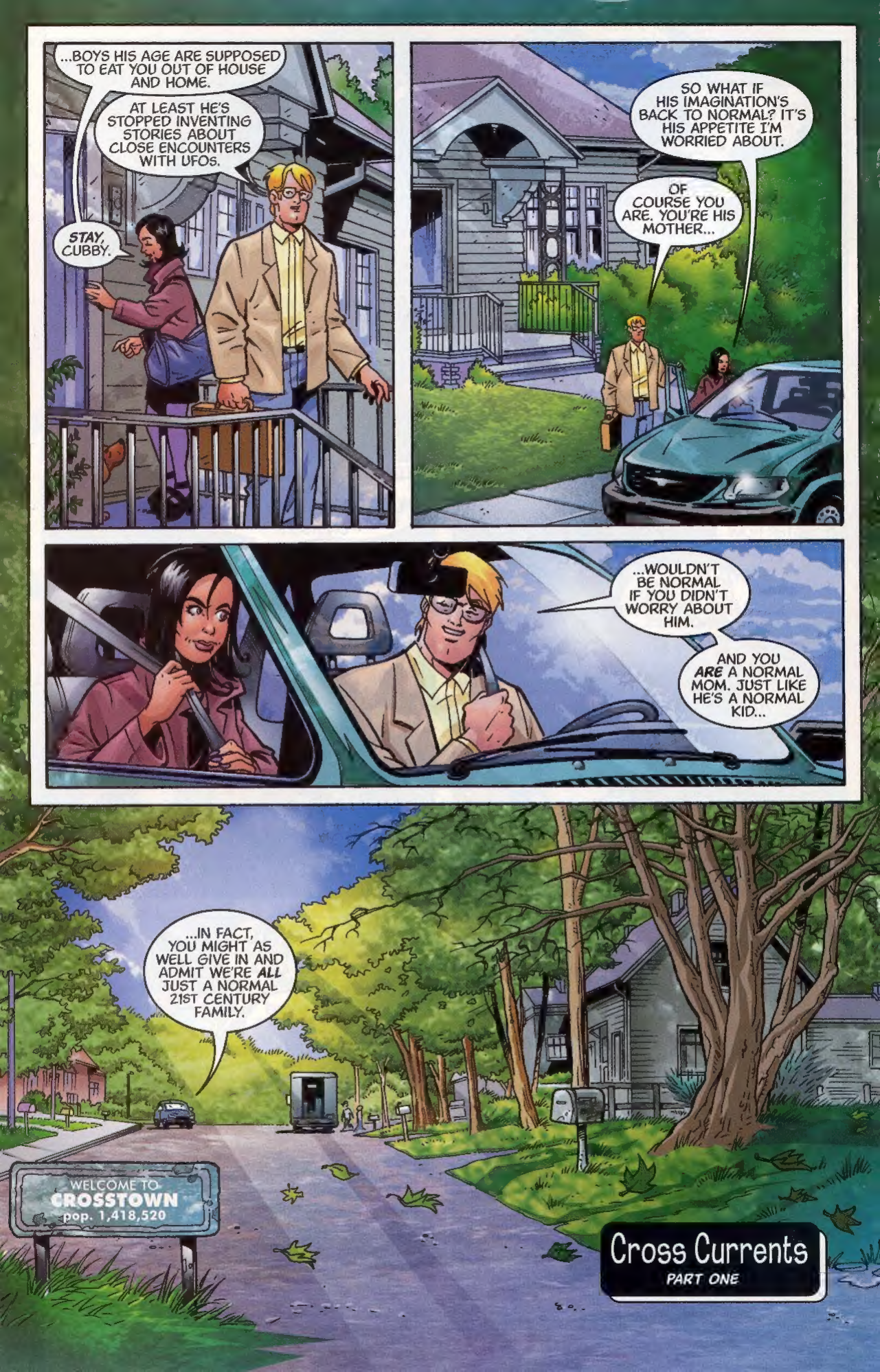
What makes the Crossovers unique is not where they came from. It's where they're going. Because this time around, they're a nuclear family.

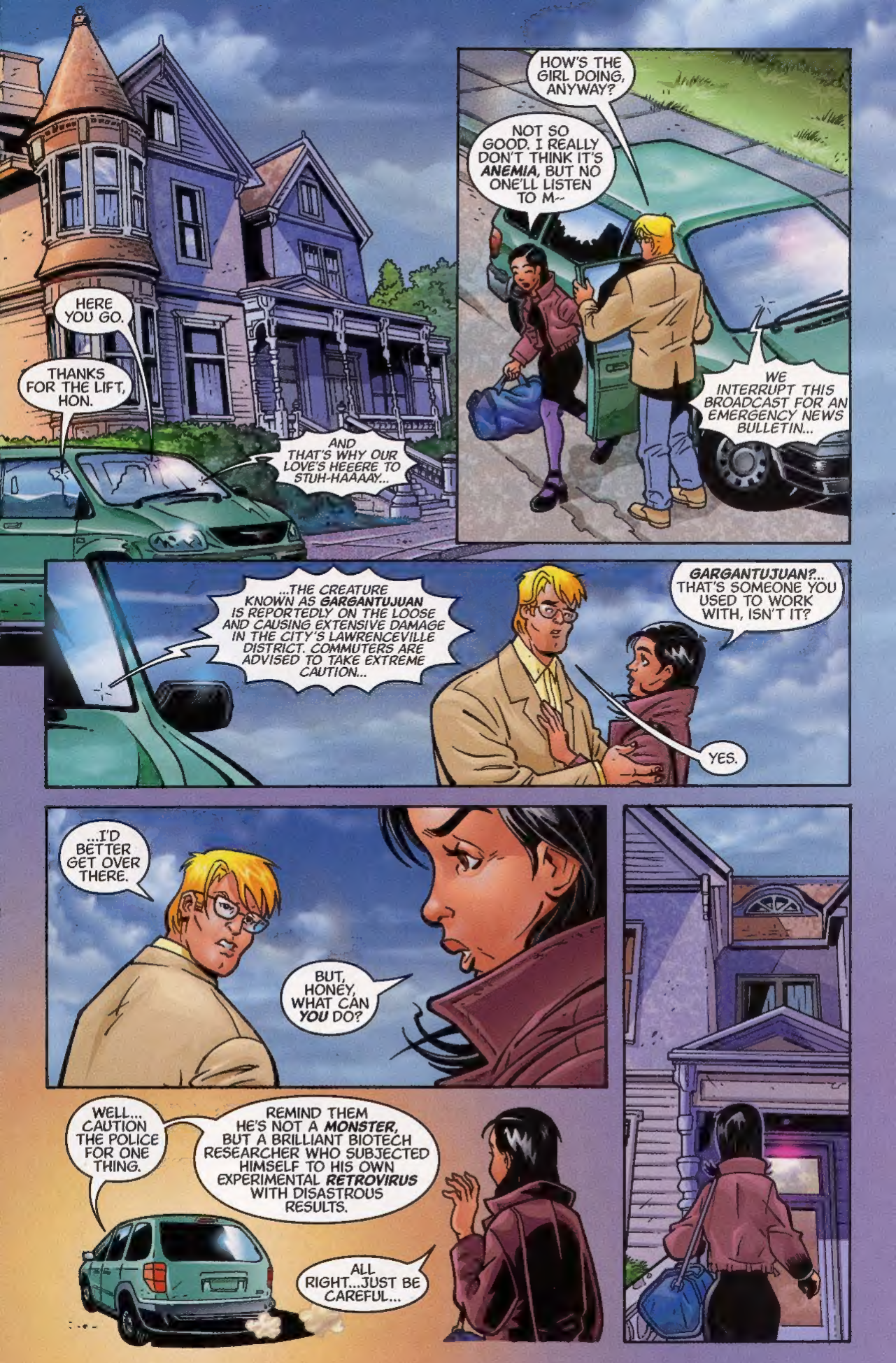
And that's going to make all the difference.

- Robert Rodi

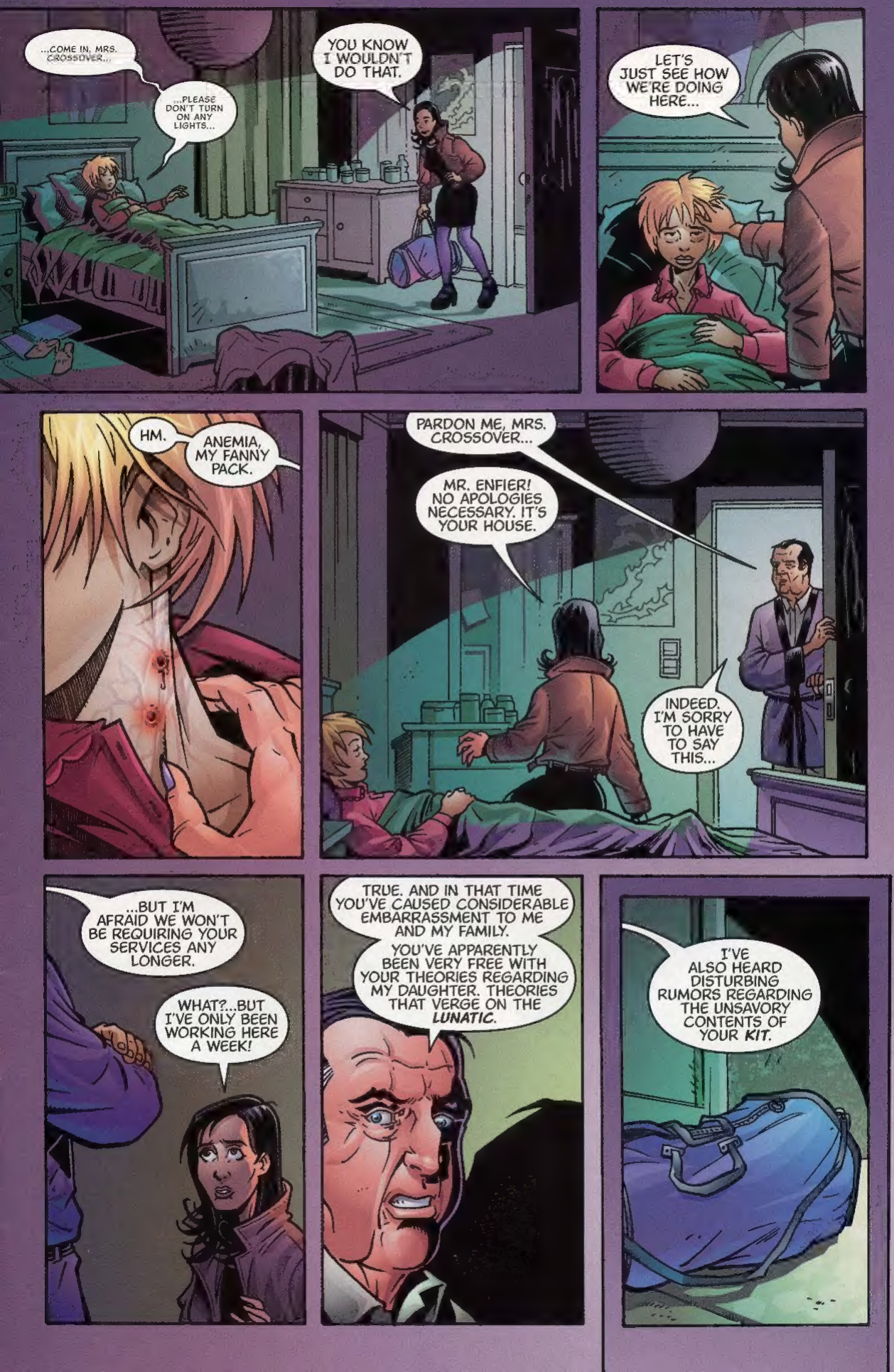
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head like a hole, black as your soul--I'd rather die than give you control...
C'MON, KIDS--CHOW DOWN. BUS'LL BE HERE.
I'M NOT EATING. I'M FAT.
CRIS, YOU'RE NOT--
HONEY, EGGS'RE READY!
FAT.
MY LEGS ARE TREE STUMPS.
CLIFFORD, SHOW YOUR SISTER HOW IT'S DONE, OKAY?
SUSTENANCE OF THIS KIND IS FOR INFERIOR GENOTYPES.
IF I CAN'T HAVE SUGAR FROSTED QUAKES, I'D RATHER JUST LET MY BODY FEED ON ITSELF.
MORNING, HON! MORNING, KIDS! AH, SMELLS GREAT!
DOWN, CUBBY.
MM! DELICIOUS, THANKS.
WE'RE GONNA BE LATE.
LATE, SCHMATE. TIME IS A SUBJECTIVE CONCEPT.
SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I BOTHER. THEY NEVER EAT A THING...
RAGING HORMONES. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
FOR CRIS, MAYBE. BUT CLIFFORD'S ONLY TEN...


...BOYS HIS AGE ARE SUPPOSED TO EAT YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME.
AT LEAST HE'S STOPPED INVENTING STORIES ABOUT CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH UFOs.
STAY, CUBBY.
SO WHAT IF HIS IMAGINATION'S BACK TO NORMAL? IT'S HIS APPETITE I'M WORRIED ABOUT.
OF COURSE YOU ARE. YOU'RE HIS MOTHER...
...WOULDN'T BE NORMAL IF YOU DIDN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM.
AND YOU ARE A NORMAL MOM. JUST LIKE HE'S A NORMAL KID...
...IN FACT, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IN AND ADMIT WE'RE ALL JUST A NORMAL 21ST CENTURY FAMILY.
WELCOME TO CROSSTOWN pop. 1,418,520
Cross Currents
PART ONE


HERE YOU GO.
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, HON.
AND THAT'S WHY OUR LOVE'S HEEERE TO STUH-HAAAAY...
HOW'S THE GIRL DOING, ANYWAY?
NOT SO GOOD. I REALLY DON'T THINK IT'S ANEMIA, BUT NO ONE'LL LISTEN TO M--
WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR AN EMERGENCY NEWS BULLETIN...
...THE CREATURE KNOWN AS GARGANTUJUAN IS REPORTEDLY ON THE LOOSE AND CAUSING EXTENSIVE DAMAGE IN THE CITY'S LAWRENCEVILLE DISTRICT. COMMUTERS ARE ADVISED TO TAKE EXTREME CAUTION...
GARGANTUJUAN?... THAT'S SOMEONE YOU USED TO WORK WITH, ISN'T IT?
YES.
...I'D BETTER GET OVER THERE.
BUT, HONEY, WHAT CAN YOU DO?
WELL... CAUTION THE POLICE FOR ONE THING.
REMIND THEM HE'S NOT A MONSTER, BUT A BRILLIANT BIOTECH RESEARCHER WHO SUBJECTED HIMSELF TO HIS OWN EXPERIMENTAL RETROVIRUS WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.
ALL RIGHT...JUST BE CAREFUL...


DONNNG
GUESS WHO BROUGHT MUFFINS?
OH, IT'S YOU. COME IN, MRS. CROSSOVER.
PLEASE, REGINA...IT'S CALISTA.
PLEASE, MRS. CROSSOVER... IT'S MRS. O'FERAL.
I SUPPOSE THERE'S GARLIC IN THEM, AS USUAL?
OH, YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH GARLIC...
ALL RIGHT IF I JUST GO ON UP...?
PLEASE...
WHO WAS AT THE DOOR?
JUST THE HOME HOSPICE WORKER. I'VE SENT HER ON UPSTAIRS...
"...TO TEND TO THE YOUNG MISTRESS."
ANDATA? ...IT'S ME, HONEY...


...COME IN, MRS. CROSSOVER...
...PLEASE DON'T TURN ON ANY LIGHTS...
YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T DO THAT.
LET'S JUST SEE HOW WE'RE DOING HERE...
HM.
ANEMIA, MY FANNY PACK.
PARDON ME, MRS. CROSSOVER...
MR. ENFIER! NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY. IT'S YOUR HOUSE.
INDEED. I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO SAY THIS...
...BUT I'M AFRAID WE WON'T BE REQUIRING YOUR SERVICES ANY LONGER.
WHAT?...BUT I'VE ONLY BEEN WORKING HERE A WEEK!
TRUE. AND IN THAT TIME YOU'VE CAUSED CONSIDERABLE EMBARRASSMENT TO ME AND MY FAMILY.
YOU'VE APPARENTLY BEEN VERY FREE WITH YOUR THEORIES REGARDING MY DAUGHTER. THEORIES THAT VERGE ON THE *LUNATIC*.
I'VE ALSO HEARD DISTURBING RUMORS REGARDING THE UNSAVORY CONTENTS OF YOUR *KIT*.


OH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S IN HERE, DO YOU...?
...JUST A FEW ITEMS THAT MIGHT BE THE ONLY CHANCE YOUR DAUGHTER'S GOT.
FOR EXAMPLE...
SHRIIIEEEEEEK


HELL'S BELLS...SHE'S FARTHER GONE THAN I *THOUGHT*...
hhhssssss


...MR. ENFIER...THE CRUCIFIX...
BUT...
...GET ME THE *CRUCIFIX*...
BUT...


...WE'RE *JEWISH*...
=HK= I'LL REPLACE IT WITH A =HKK= STAR OF DAVID LATER, BUT FOR GOODNESS' *SAKE*...

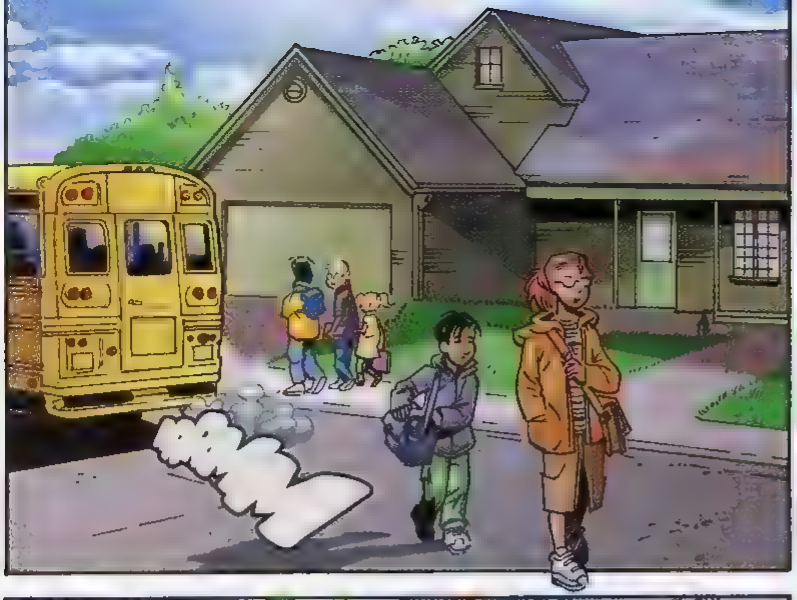

hhhSssssss

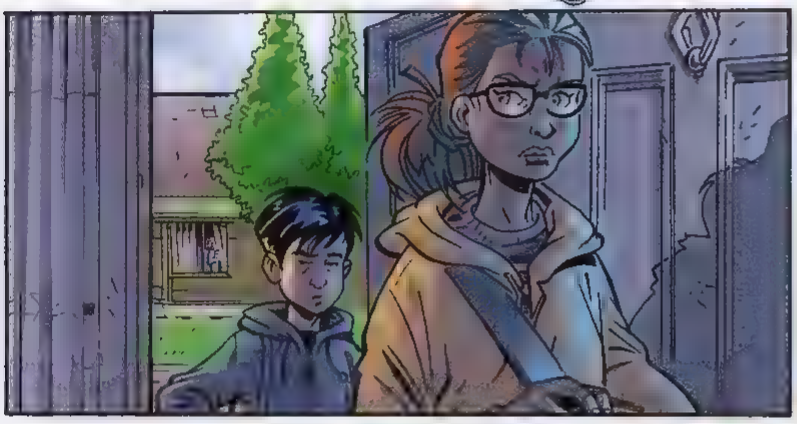

EEE-YAAAGHH!
SSSIZZ!

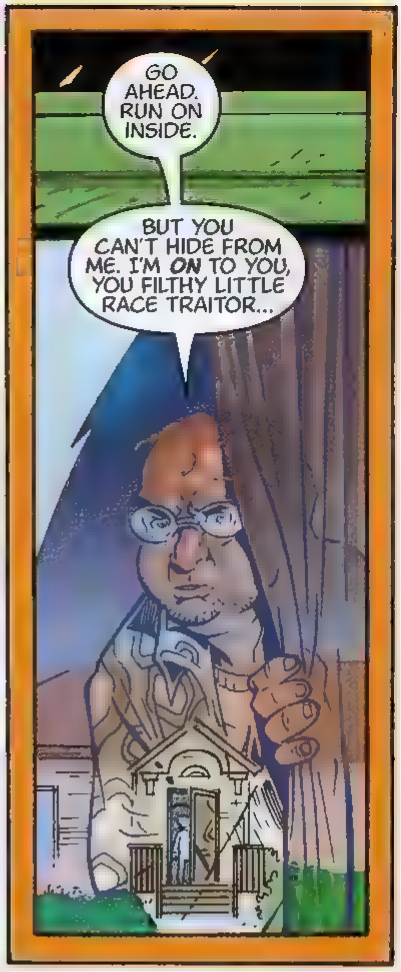

I...I SUPPOSE WE CAN KEEP YOU ON A LITTLE LONGER...
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO QUARANTINE THIS ROOM. THE WHOLE *HOUSE*, ACTUALLY.
I'LL GIVE YOU A LIST OF WHAT I NEED...

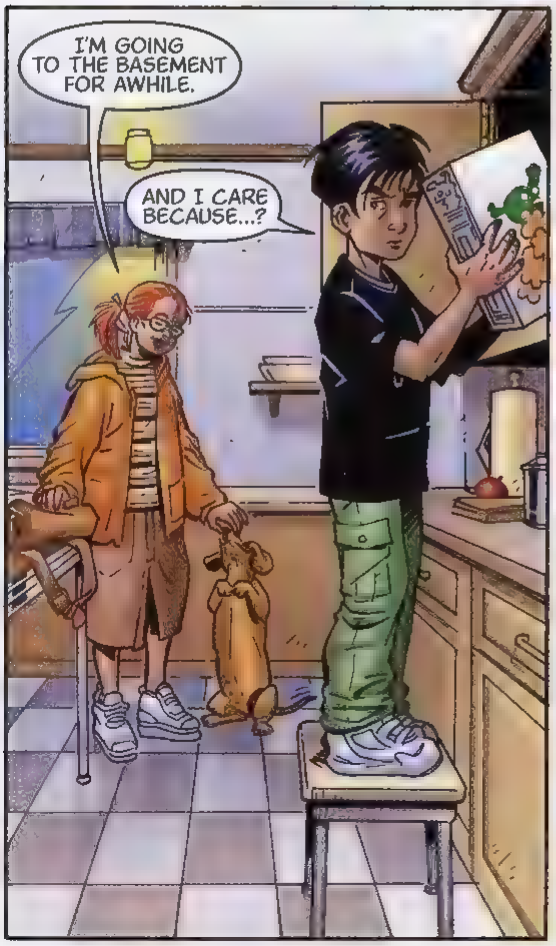

HEY...IT'S ARCHETYPE!
WHAT'S THE SITUATION HERE?
WE'VE EVACUATED THE AREA AND SENT IN A SWAT TEAM. JUST HAD WORD BY RADIO, THEY HAVEN'T FOUND THE BEAST YET.
LUCKY FOR THEM. A SWAT TEAM'S NO MATCH FOR GARGANTUJUAN.
SO YOU'VE NO IDEA WHERE HE IS...?
NO, BUT WE...
LOOK!
ROAR
I...I THINK HE MAY BE OVER THAT WAY.
I'M ON IT.

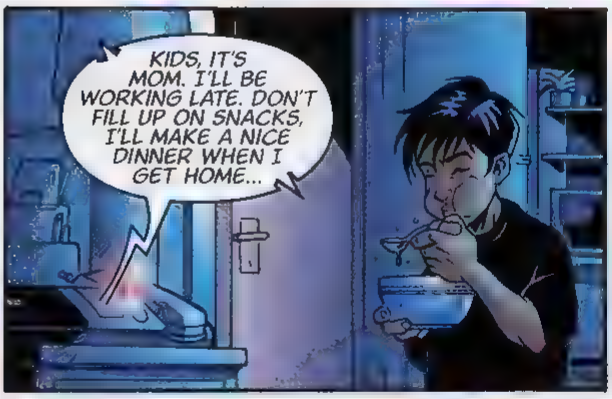

JUAN!
YOU?! ...GO AWAY!
THERE'S NO JUAN HERE! ONLY GARGANTUJUAN!
JUAN, YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE.
I SAID DON'T CALL ME THAT...
THWACK
UNGH!
...AND I MEANT IT!

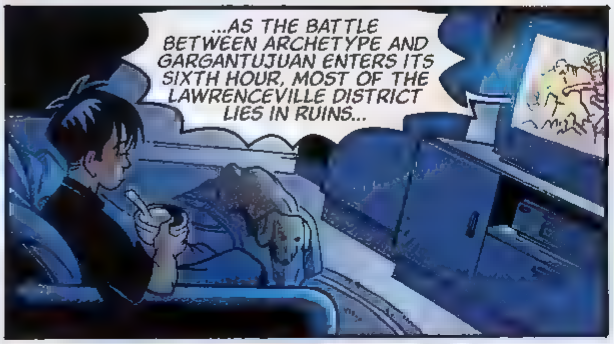





GO AHEAD. RUN ON INSIDE.
BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME. I'M ON TO YOU, YOU FILTHY LITTLE RACE TRAITOR...


I'M GOING TO THE BASEMENT FOR AWHILE.
AND I CARE BECAUSE...?


KIDS, IT'S MOM. I'LL BE WORKING LATE. DON'T FILL UP ON SNACKS, I'LL MAKE A NICE DINNER WHEN I GET HOME...


...AS THE BATTLE BETWEEN ARCHETYPE AND GARGANTUJUAN ENTERS ITS SIXTH HOUR, MOST OF THE LAWRENCEVILLE DISTRICT LIES IN RUINS...


...ESTIMATES OF EXISTING DAMAGE RANGE INTO THE TENS OF MILLIONS.

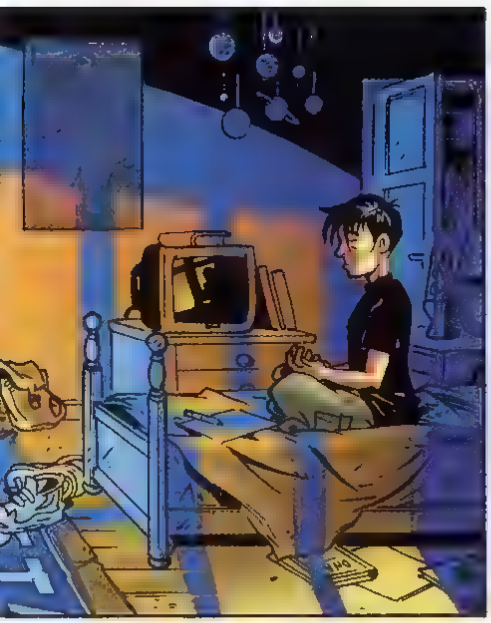

SLOOP

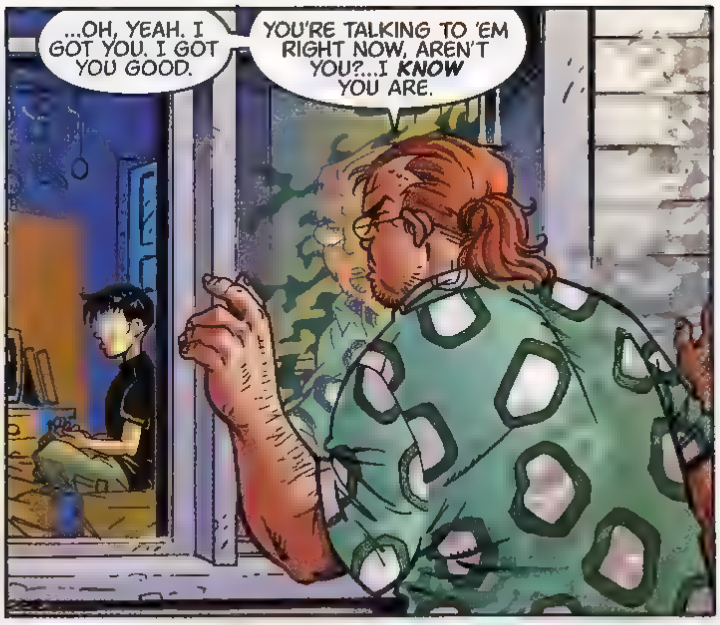

SPK
BEHOLD! AT LAST, AT LAST...
...THE PRINCESS HAS COME BACK TO US!
YOUR HIGHNESS, LONG HAVE WE AWAITED YOUR RETURN.
SORRY. THERE WAS AN ASSEMBLY AFTER SCHOOL.


WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON? WHERE'S GASH?
HERE, YOUR HIGHNESS. .
...PLEASED AS EVER TO SEE YOU IN THE FLESH, AND NOT MERELY IN MY DREAMS.
GIVE ME THE DIRT. WHY'S EVERYONE SO WORKED UP? THE IMPERIAL ARMY HASN'T...
NO, HIGHNESS, THEY'VE NOT ATTACKED AS YET. BUT THIS MATTER MAY BE VERY NEAR AS GRAVE...
...OUR WIZARD HAS DIVINED SOME DREADFUL THING, WHICH HE WILL DIVULGE TO NONE BUT YOU.
I'M HERE NOW, HOCUS. WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
BETRAYAL, MILADY.
LONG HAS IT TAKEN ME TO BURN THROUGH THE OBSCURING MISTS CONJURED BY THE COURT MAGES, BUT KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE...
...ONE OF THESE MEN PRESENT IS IN THE PAY OF THE IMPERATRIX.

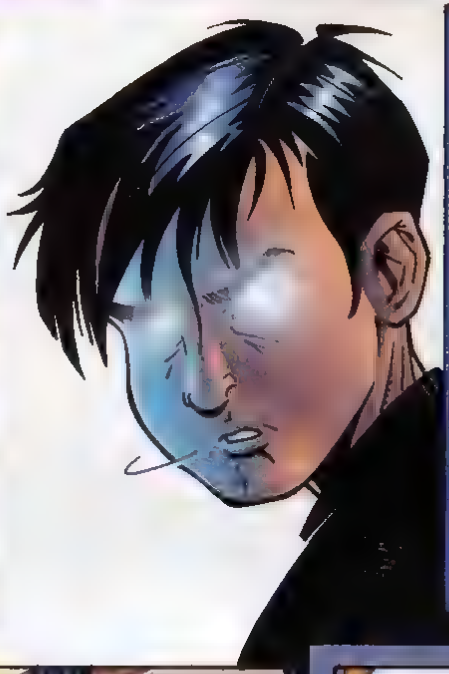

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, HOCUS...
...THESE ARE MY TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS!
STILL...YOU'VE NEVER BEEN WRONG BEFORE. AND IF THERE'S A TRAITOR HERE AMONG US, YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE I'LL ROOT HIM OU--
EEAAAAGH!
DEATH TO ERADIKA! DEATH TO THE REBEL PRINCESS!


...GOING ON TWENTY MINUTES OF RELATIVE QUIET SINCE GARGANTUJUAN STRUCK ARCHETYPE WITH SUFFICIENT FORCE TO FLING HIM COMPLETELY OUT OF THE VICINITY...WE CAN ONLY PRESUME THE HERO IS MAKING HIS WAY BACK...
...AND INDEED, HERE HE COMES NOW, SOARING IN FROM THE SOUTHEAST...
OH, YES... HE'S ON THE MOVE, HE'S ON THE MOVE...
WHERE J.F.K BRAIN
SHUT
CLIFF'S ROOM KEEP OUT!

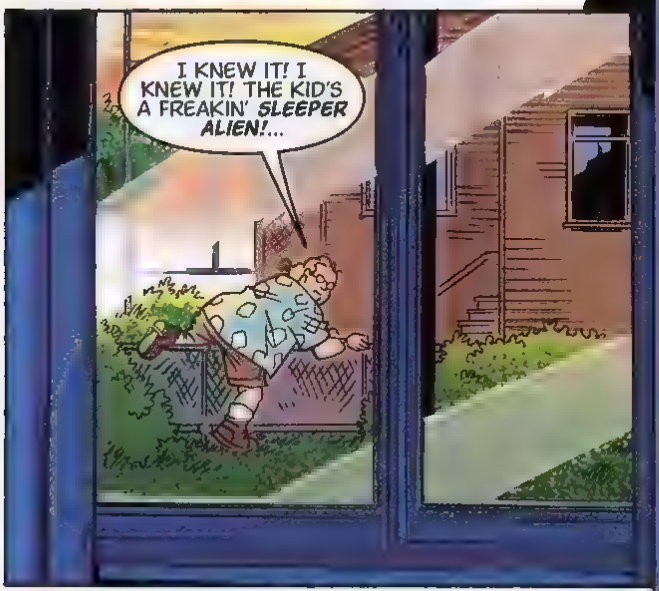


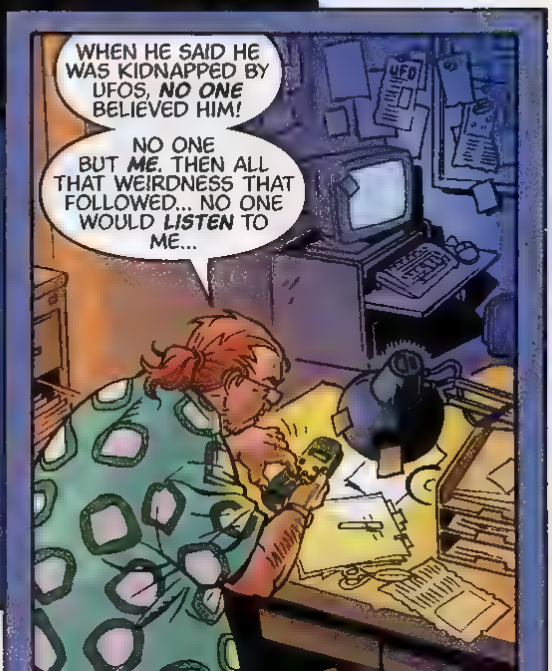

...OH, YEAH. I GOT YOU. I GOT YOU GOOD.
YOU'RE TALKING TO 'EM RIGHT NOW, AREN'T YOU?...I KNOW YOU ARE.


THUNK




AAAGH!


I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THE KID'S A FREAKIN' SLEEPER ALIEN!...


WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KIDNAPPED BY UFOS, NO ONE BELIEVED HIM!
NO ONE BUT ME. THEN ALL THAT WEIRDNESS THAT FOLLOWED... NO ONE WOULD LISTEN TO ME...
UFO


...BUT NOW I GOT VISUAL PROOF. THEY HAVE TO BELIEV--
HELLO, IT'S PERRY NOIA. I NEED TO TALK TO AGENT BRONSKI. IT'S URGENT!
ALIEN ATE MY CAT
TELL HIM THIS TIME I GOT THE GOODS!...WHADDAYA MEAN, HE'S IN THE MEN'S ROOM? GET HIM OUT!
I'VE SEEN THE FREAKIN' KID'S EYES, SEE...WEIRD LIGHT COMES OUT OF 'EM...AND...
...AND...
WHERE J.F.K. BRAIN
...AND THAT'S NOT ALL... MY GOD, IT'S ALL SO CLEAR TO ME NOW... HE'S HELPING LAY THE GROUNDWORK FOR AN INVASION OF EARTH...
...A WHOLE ARMADA OF WARSHIPS...LEGIONS OF ALIEN PARATROOPERS WITH WEAPONS WE CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE...
...CITIES IN FLAMES...HUMANITY EXTERMINATED... I CAN SEE IT IN MY HEAD...
...HELP ME!


FOR THE LAST TIME, JUAN...
...TRY TO REMEMBER!
YOU KNOW ME! WE WORKED TOGETHER AT BIOTIX! YOU'VE HAD DINNER AT MY HOUSE!...
FOR PETE'S SAKE, YOU WERE ONE OF THE RESEARCHERS WHO GAVE ME THESE POWE--
GNNNH!
SLAM
LISTEN TO ME!
I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU...
...I'M YOUR FRIEND! I'M CARTER CROSSOVER!
AH.
I'D HEARD THERE WAS A CONNECTION BETWEEN ARCHETYPE AND GARGANTUJUAN. THAT'S WHY I BUILT THIS AUTOMATON TO DRAW YOU OUT AND REVEAL IT.
AND NOW THAT ITS MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED...
...I'LL LEAVE YOU ITS CARCASS, AND BEGIN PLANS FOR MY REVENGE ON ALL WHO BEAR THE NAME CROSSOVER.
BEST REGARDS FROM YOUR OLD ENEMY... MOUNTEBANK.
UH-OH


"CROSSOVER." UNUSUAL NAME, ISN'T IT?
IT'S FROM AN ANCIENT FRENCH MOTTO: CROI' SAUVER...
..."BELIEF IS SALVATION." MY HUSBAND'S ANCESTORS WERE CRUSADERS.
MM
LISTEN. IT'S LONG AFTER SUNDOWN. I REALLY DON'T THINK ANYTHING'S GOING TO HAP-
SHH! ...LISTEN
HE'S HERE
WHO DARES BAR ME FROM THIS HOUSE?
I DO, BARON CORPESCU
WHO? WHY...
...YOU'RE BARABBAS SALT'S LITTLE WHELP, AREN'T YOU...?
...IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE YOU DARED OPPOSE ME, CALISTA SALT.
CALISTA CROSSOVER. I'M MARRIED NOW. AND I'LL OPPOSE YOU WHENEVER I LIKE.
OPPOSE ME, BUT NEVER THWART ME. I'LL HAVE THIS GIRL YET, CALISTA CROSSOVER.
AND IN THE MEANTIME...
...THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME YOUR NEW NAME. I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOUR HUSBAND AND CHILDREN...
UM... OOPS


SO IT'S YOU, JORAS HUH?
I NEVER DID LIKE YOUR FACE...
YOU...YOU KILLED HIM! I COULD'VE QUESTIONED HIM, YOU STUPID...
FORGIVE ME, MILADY. MY ZEAL FOR YOUR WELFARE OVERTOOK MY SENSES.
...NOW YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHY YOU TURNED ON US, AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU KNOW ABOU--
AKK
OHHH...FORGET IT. WE'VE GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY, ANYWAY.
THE COMBINED FORCES OF IMPERATRIX TYRANNA POISED TO RAIN DOWN ON US AT ANY MOMENT...HOW IMPORTANT COULD ONE PUNY LITTLE PAWN BE?
HIGHNESS, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US AGAIN...?
JUST FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. I'VE GOT CREATIVE WRITING HOMEWORK.
AT LEAST LET ME ESCORT YOU...THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES.
SORRY, GASH. NOT THAT I DON'T TRUST YOU...
...BUT THE LOCATION OF THE PORTAL IS MY SECRET AND MINE ALONE. 'KAY?
SO IT IS UNTIL I DISCOVER IT, YOU STUPID COW.
AND ON THAT DAY, I DELIVER YOUR HEAD TO THE IMPERATRIX


WAS THIS WISE?
HE WANTED INFORMATION. I GAVE IT TO HIM.
AND HE REPORTED IT ALL TO THE AUTHORITIES.
YES. WHICH GUARANTEED THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM...
...AND WON'T EVER BE LIKELY TO AGAIN.
I SEE. STILL...WE DO NOT ENCOURAGE GAMBLES OF THIS NATURE...
...OUR OBJECTIVE IS FAR TOO IMPORTANT.
FINE HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
CAN WE JUST GET BACK TO THE REASON FOR THIS CALL? YOU WERE SAYING YOU PLAN TO SEND ENVOYS...
WE DO NOT PLAN TO SEND ENVOYS. WE HAVE SENT ENVOYS...
AND IN FACT, HERE WE ARE.
IT WAS A VERY LONG TRIP. HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING TO EAT?


SORRY! SORRY I'M LATE... I'LL START DINNER RIGHT AWAY.
NEVER MIND. I ORDERED A PIZZA.
IT'S ALMOST HALF GONE! DID YOU EAT THAT MUCH ALL BY YOURSELF?
NO COMMENT.
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU FINALLY EATING...
I'LL JUST MINCE SOME GARLIC TO TOP IT OFF... WHERE'S YOUR SISTER?
IN THE BASEMENT, AS USUAL.
GO AND GET HER, PLEASE.
CRIS!
I SAID GO GET HER! I COULD'VE YELLED...
SORRY I'M LATE... DOWN, CUBBY.
MM, PIZZA!
DON'T EAT ANY YET! I'M MINCING GARLIC FOR TOPPING!
...WHAT?
PIZZA
I DON T WANT ANY I'M FAT
SO HOW WAS EVERYONE'S DAY?
NEXT ISSUE: THINGS GET COMPLICATED.

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CODE 6

THE CROSSOVERS



Robert Rodi
Mauricet
Ernie Colon
Mark McNabb

BIOTIX, INC.

BIOTECH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date Time Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

- ☐ Telephoned
- ☐ Returned your call
- ☑ Last issue
- ☐ Please Call
- ☐ Will call again
- ☐ URGENT

We met the Crossover clan: Carter, one of our top executives; his wife Calista, a home hospice worker; and their kids Cris, 15, and Cliff, 10.

Each member of the family has a secret life. Carter as the super hero Archetype; Calista as a third-generation vampire slayer; Cris as an otherworldly warrior princess, Eradika; and Cliff, as a UFO abductee and alien collaborator.

None of the Crossovers knows of the others' secret lives; but things are starting to get a little messy in that area. Archetype's archenemy, Mountebank, discovered his secret identity and vowed revenge on the Crossover family; as did Calista's vampire foe, Baron Arcan Corpescu.

What's more, Eradika's most trusted general, Gash, revealed himself to be a traitor who seeks the location of her interdimensional portal. And Cliff now secretly hosts two houseguests — alien envoys from the space-faring Ud.

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...and so the tribesmen of the Bellekesin asked Eradika if she would lead their revolt against the horrible Imperatrix Tyranna. Even though Eradika had never fought any battle before (not even close!), she said yes because they wanted her to so much. And anyway she had a bunch of generals who had a lot of battle experience, especially Gash, who was the tallest and the handsomest and the one she relied on the most for advice.
tak tak tak tak
KNOCK KNOCK, HONEY.
HELP ME MAKE THE BED?
'KAY.
OH, MOM! NOT YOUR HORRIBLE OLD GOTH SHEETS FROM THE EIGHTIES!
EVERYTHING ELSE IS IN THE WASH. C'MON, LET'S TEAM UP FOR HOSPITAL CORNERS.
MOM?
MM?
I'M JUST DOING MY CREATIVE WRITING HOMEWORK, AND I'VE GOT THIS PROBLEM...

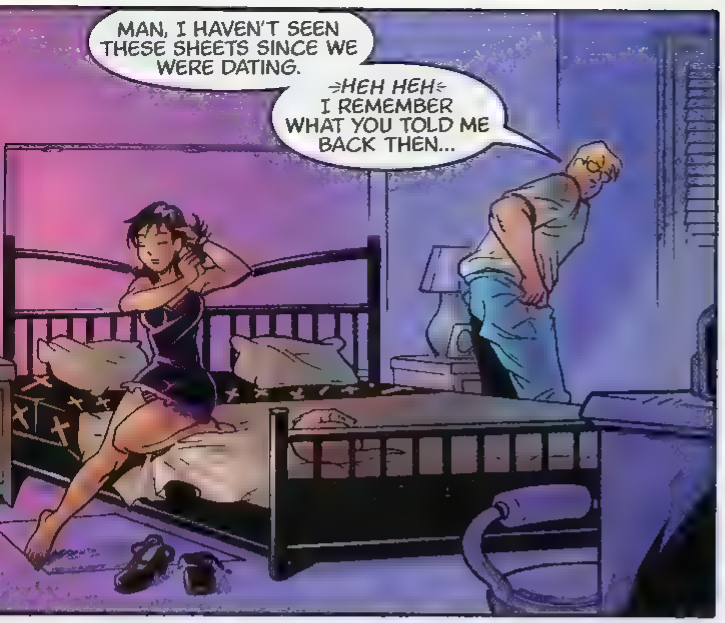

...WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WRITING A MADE-UP STORY. BUT I'M SORT OF WRITING ABOUT REAL LIFE INSTEAD.
DO YOU THINK THAT'S LIKE, CHEATING?
WELL, HONEY, IF YOU THINK IT MAY BE, IT PROBABLY IS.
TELL YOU WHAT: WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE ONE THING ABOUT THE STORY SO IT'S NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT REAL LIFE.
THAT'D FIX IT, RIGHT?
ACTUALLY... YEAH. THANKS, MOM.
YOU'RE WELCOME, SWEETIE.
DON'T WORK TOO LATE. AND MAKE SURE THE BLANKET DOESN'T COVER UP ALL THE CRUCIFIXES.
...what Fradika never suspected was that Bash was totally in love with her. She always hoped someday he might be, but she never thought it could really ever happen, because first, she was his boss, and second, she was pretty fat. But Bash could see beyond that to the woman underne
tak tak tak tak
ACTUALLY, HONEY, DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE?... YOUR FATHER WANTS TO HAVE A FAMILY MEETING.

Cross Currents

PART TWO


CLIFF! ...SORRY TO WAKE YOU. HAVE A SEAT.
I WASN'T SLEEPING. THOSE OLD SHEETS ARE KEEPING ME AWAKE.
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, THEY'RE JUST CRUCIFIXES. WHY IS EVERYONE SUDDENLY SO DERANGED BY THEM?
IT'S NOT THE CRUCIFIXES, IT'S THE PERMANENTLY EMBEDDED SCENT OF PATCHOULIE OIL.
DOWN, CUBBY
IF I COULD PLEASE HAVE YOUR ATTENTION...
I JUST WANT TO POINT OUT...YOU KIDS ARE GROWING UP, GOING PLACES ON YOUR OWN RECOGNIZANCE. YOU'RE NOT CHILDREN ANYMORE AND I... WELL...
...IT'S A DANGEROUS WORLD OUT THERE. DID YOU SEE THE NEWS ABOUT THE LAWRENCEVILLE AREA? NEARLY WIPED OUT IN ONE DAY...
THAT'S BECAUSE ARCHETYPE WAS THERE, TYPICALLY TRASHING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.
IF THAT'S WHAT'S GOT YOU WORRIED, DAD, I PROMISE I WON'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR ANY TESTOSTERONE-DRUNK YAHOO IN TIGHTS.
CLIFF, CUT THE SARCASM. WHAT YOUR FATHER IS TRYING TO SAY...
...IS THAT HE AND I CAN'T KEEP WATCH OVER YOU ALL THE TIME, ANYMORE. AND EVEN IF WE COULD, THERE ARE RISKS AND DANGERS IN THE WORLD THAT EVEN WE CAN'T ANTICIPATE.
SO WE WANT YOU TO BE EXTRA VIGILANT FROM NOW ON. BE AWARE OF WHERE YOU ARE, AND WHO'S AROUND YOU, EVERY SINGLE MINUTE OF THE DAY. AND NIGHT.
THAT'S WHAT YOUR FATHER'S SAYING.
RIGHT, DEAR?
...
YES. YES, EXACTLY.


NIGHT, CLIFF. TRY TO IGNORE THE PATCHOULIE
I MAKE NO PROMISES.
SHUT
DOESN'T YOUR RACE SLEEP?
OF COURSE WE DO. DON'T BE ABSURD.
AS IT HAPPENS, WE'RE SLEEPING RIGHT NOW.
UM
SHOULDN'T YOUR EYES BE CLOSED?
OUR EYES. ?
THAT WOULD HARDLY DO IF OUR EYES WERE CLOSED WE COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING.
EXACTLY SO.
ALSO, WE HAVE NO EYELIDS.


MAN, I HAVEN'T SEEN THESE SHEETS SINCE WE WERE DATING.
=HEH HEH= I REMEMBER WHAT YOU TOLD ME BACK THEN...


...THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT AGAINST VAMPIRES.
HA HA HA! DID I SAY THAT?
HAHAHAHAHA!


SERIOUSLY, HON...WHAT YOU SAID EARLIER TONIGHT.
ABOUT THE KIDS LOOKING OUT FOR THEMSELVES, I MEAN. WAS THERE ANY PARTICULAR REASON YOU SAID THAT?


REASON?...NO, NO REASON.
WHAT MAKES YOU ASK IF THERE WAS A REASON?
IT'S JUST...CAN WE MAKE EYE CONTACT, HERE, PLEASE?

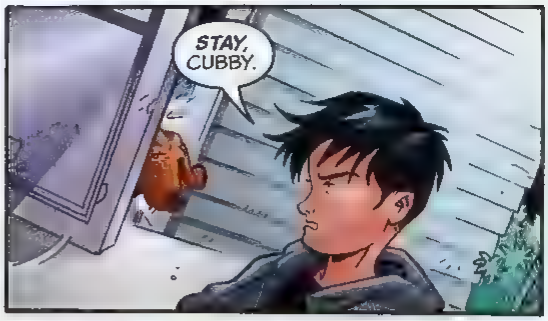

I KNOW HONESTY'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE FOUNDATION OF A GOOD RELATIONSHIP.
MM
AND IF YOU EVER...I MEAN, THEORETICALLY SPEAKING, IF THERE WAS EVER ANY SUSPICION OR...I DON'T KNOW...

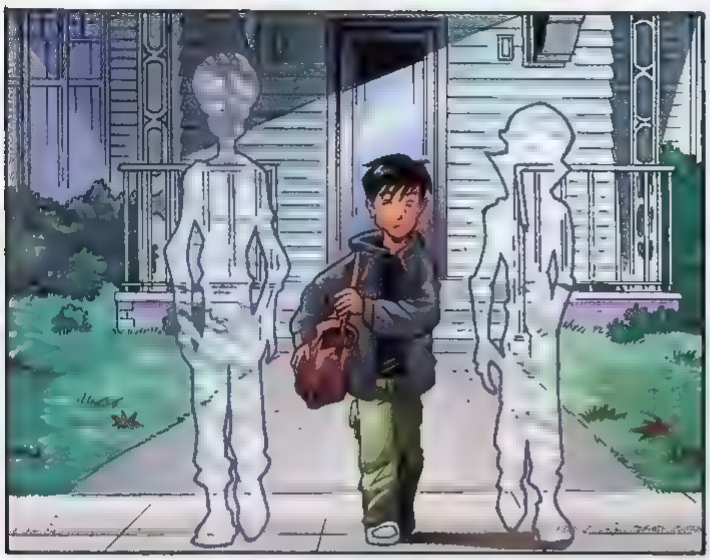

ARE YOU SAYING... YOU SUSPECT ME OF SOMETHING?... BECAUSE...
NO, JUST THE OPP...I MEAN, THEORETICALLY, IF ONE PARTNER...
HELL, I KEEP TALKING AROUND IT...


"...IT'S JUST, I KNOW WE HAVE THE SAME GOALS...
"...BUT SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING WE'RE NOT TOTALLY IN SYNCH WITH HOW WE GO AFTER THEM ..
"...I REALIZE WE'RE BOTH ADULTS, WE HAVE OUR OWN PRIVATE CONCERNS, AND WHATEVER...
"...BUT I WORRY. SOMETIMES I THINK WHAT WE DON'T KNOW CAN HURT US.
"I KNOW WE'VE GOT IT ALL. I KNOW THAT. BUT THE SCARY THING ABOUT HAVING IT ALL...
"...IS HOW QUICKLY WE COULD LOSE IT"


WE CAN LOSE IN A HEARTBEAT...
...WE'RE OUTMANNED, OUTHORSED, AND OUTFLANKED...
...BUT HOWEVER BRIEFLY WE HOLD OUT BEFORE THE TYRANT...
..OUR VALOR WILL LIVE IN LEGEND...
...LIKE, TOTALLY FOREVER!
FOR ERADIKAAAA!


WHERE'S CRIS?
AM I MY SISTER'S KEEPER?


STAY, CUBBY.




IS THAT... YOU?


AFFIRMATIVE.
WHAT'S THAT WARPING EFFECT?
A RUDIMENTARY MANIPULATION OF THE VISIBLE WAVELENGTH FOR CAMOUFLAGE PURPOSES.


IT'S NOT VERY EFFECTIVE.
I SAID IT WAS RUDIMENTARY.
WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING. GO AHEAD AND SWITCH IT ON AGAIN.


BUS STOP


SO... WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES, ANYWAY?
DENOMINATIONS AS SUCH ARE NOT EMPLOYED BY OUR SOCIETY. BUT EACH OF US HAS A CLASSIFICATION BASED ON CASTE, GENDER, AND PHYSIONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS.
HE IS S[S]. I AM P:PC.
SEESES AND PIPICK?
NO, S[S] AND P:PC.
SISSIS AND P-POCK...
NO, NO! TRY IT USING ONLY ONE TONGUE...
ONE IS ALL I'VE GOT.
LISTEN, I DON'T WANT YOU ON THE BUS WITH ME...
ROBIN ST
NO STANDIN 7AM -
BUS STOP
...GO BACK TO THE HOUSE. I'LL MEET YOU THERE AFTER SCHOOL.
BUT...
NO BUTS. I REALLY MEAN IT.
DID...DID WE DO SOMETHING TO OFFEND HIM, OR...
NO STANDING 7AM 7PM
BUS STOP
AND SO IT BEGINS!
THE REVENGE OF MOUNTEBANK ON HIS ADVERSARY ARCHETYPE COMMENCES NOW, WITH THE YOUNGEST AND MOST VULNERABLE OF THE SO-CALLED HERO'S PROGENY.


...HIS SON AND HEIR SHALL FEEL HIS BONES SNAP BETWEEN THE RELENTLESS JAWS OF MY NEWEST AUTOMA--
FSZZZZT
WELL SHOT, P:PC.
THANK YOU, SIR.
DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT WAS PART OF THE BOY'S DAILY ROUTINE?
SCHOOL BUS
ACK! ACK! BRAINIAC!
CAREFUL, HE'S FULL'A ALIEN DISEASES FROM THE UFO!
HA HA HA
HEY, BRAINIAC, YOU DON'T GOT YOUR FREAKIN' AMAZON SISTER TO PROTECT YOU TODAY! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
HA HA HA HA
SOON


...WELL, ARCHETYPE, YOUR POWER LEVELS ARE STILL REGISTERING NORMAL.
NOT AN EASY FEAT, AFTER THAT ALL-DAY BATTLE WITH THE GARGANTUJUAN ROBOT.
I *STILL* FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT...
...I COULD'VE SPARED MYSELF THE WHOLE ORDEAL IF I'D REALIZED IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE THE REAL GARGANTUJUAN. ITS BODY WASN'T GIVING OFF ANYTHING *NEAR* ENOUGH HEAT.
NO, THE REAL JUAN'S STILL IN STASIS DOWN ON SECURITY SIX, POOR SOUL. WISH WE COULD'VE GOTTEN WORD TO YOU IN TIME...
LISTEN, I'M CONCERNED ABOUT MY FAMILY. MOUNTEBANK AS GOOD AS SAID HE'S GOING TO TARGET THEM.
I'D LIKE TO BRING IN SOME EXTRA MUSCLE TO HELP ME PROTECT THEM.
WELL, YOU'VE GOT A SECRET WEAPON RIGHT UNDER YOUR ROOF
TRUE. BUT TO BATTLE A GENIUS LIKE MOUNTEBANK, I'D PREFER A BIT MORE...STRATEGIC CAPABILITY.
I WAS HOPING FOR EITHER THE *OLD MAN* OR THE *KID*.
THE KID'S ON ASSIGNMENT, AND ISN'T DUE BACK FOR SOME TIME. BUT THE OLD MAN...
...I'M SURE WE CAN COAX HIM OUT OF RETIREMENT, IF IT MEANS HELPING HIS FORMER PROTEGE.
THANKS. I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GET BACK TO WORK...
ACTUALLY, YOUR *WIFE* PHONED A WHILE AGO. ASKED THAT YOU CALL HER BACK AS SOON AS YOU'RE FREE...


"...SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER."
RETREAT!
NGH
RETREAT!
HURRY! HURRY!
MAKE FOR THE HIGH GROUND... THEY CAN'T FOLLOW WITHOUT BREAKING FORMATION...
COME ON COME ON
NICE TRY, JERKWAD
OH DAMN
DAMN, DAMN, DAMN
THIS IS IT? THIS IS ALL WE'VE GOT LEFT?
GASH?..
IS GASH HERE? HAS ANYONE...
SEEN
...OH, HELL.
I WISH I WAS DEAD...


...AND I RANG THE SCHOOL SHE HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR CLASSES, EITHER.
DON'T PANIC, BABE. SHE'S PULLED THIS A COUPLE TIMES BEFORE, AND ALWAYS TURNED UP ALL RIGHT.
I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT NOW...
WHAT. . WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "NOW"?
UM... NOTHING. HON, I'M JUST ARRIVING AT WORK...
...I'LL FINISH HERE AS QUICKLY AS I CAN, THEN GET HOME TO WAIT FOR WORD. MEANTIME, COULD YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO?
DON'T WORRY, I'M ON IT.
DONNNG
OH, MRS. CROSSOVER THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!
ANDATA'S DISAPPEARED!
THAT BEAST HAS TAKEN MY LITTLE GIRL! AFTER YOU ASSURED ME HE COULDN'T REACH HER!
B-BUT HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE GOT IN! ANDATA WAS SAFE FROM HIM AS LONG AS SHE STAYED...
...IN...
...THE...
WHAT?!
SHE WASN'T IN HER ROOM THIS MORNING... WE'VE SEARCHED THE HOUSE...THE POLICE ARE NO HELP WHATSOEVE-
MRS CROSSOVER!
HELL'S BELLS!
SEARCH THE GROUNDS!

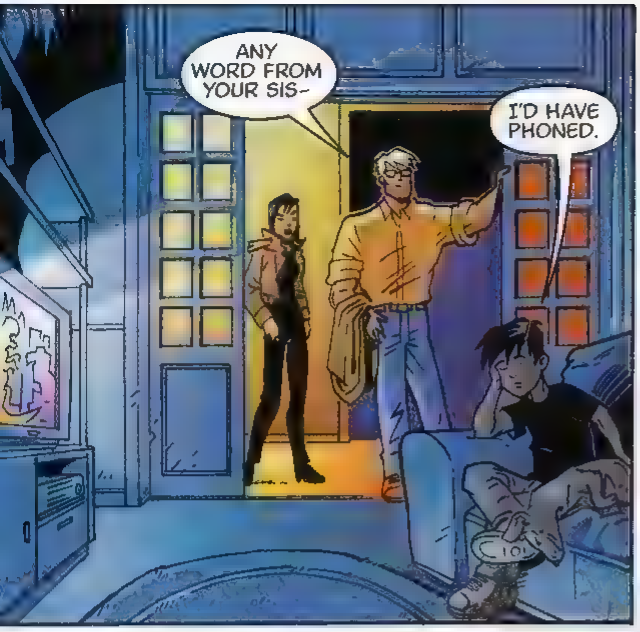

AMAZING HOW DARK IT IS IN THIS COPSE...
THIS IS NO COPSE, MRS. CROSSOVER. IT'S THE PERIMETER OF A HUNDRED AND TWENTY ACRES OF PRISTINE WOODLAND. BUT TELL ME...
AHRAHRAHRAHRARH!
...WHAT ARE WE DOING OUT HERE?
BARON CORPESCU COULDN'T ENTER THE HOUSE, I'M SURE OF THAT...
...BUT HE'S TERRIBLY PERSUASIVE. HE MIGHT'VE CONVINCED ANDATA TO COME OUT TO MEET HIM.
IMPOSSIBLE! MY DAUGHTER'S NO FOOL, MRS. CROSSOVER. SHE'D NEVER-
AHROOOOO
WHAT WAS THAT?
THE DOGS HAVE FOUND SOMETHING...
OH MY GOD!
ANDATA!...

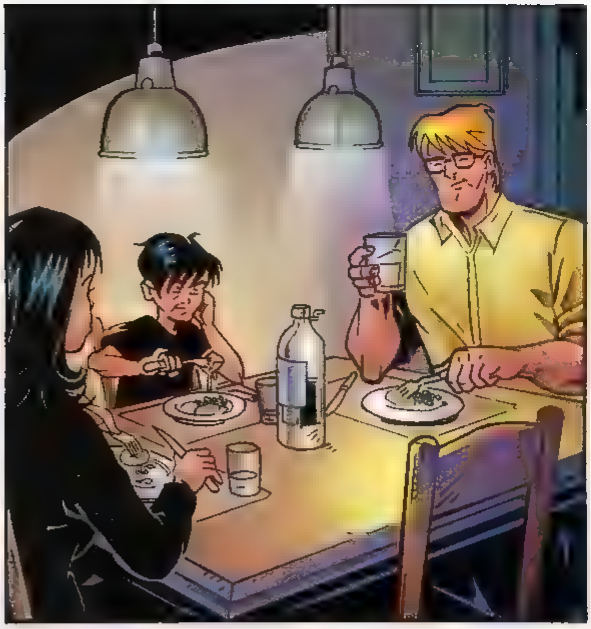

...SORRY, HONEY, BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING.
I'VE SEARCHED WITH ALL MY...UM...ALL BIOTIX'S MOST SOPHISTICATED RESOURCES.
THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF CRIS BEING ANYWHERE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. SHE CAN'T HAVE JUST DISAPPEARED.
IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE SHE DID JUST THAT.
LISTEN, I CAN'T TALK... THERE'S TROUBLE HERE.
THE GIRL'S...UM... TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE. I CAN'T LEAVE FOR A WHILE.
CAN YOU CHECK ON CLIFF TO MAKE SURE HE'S OKAY?
I'M ON MY WAY
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU STILL APPEAR A VIRTUAL THROWBACK TO OUR MORE SIMIAN FOREBEARS...
YET APPARENTLY YOU'VE TAKEN A STEP OR TWO TOWARDS SENTIENCE. HOW ELSE TO EXPLAIN YOUR SWIFT DISABLING OF MY AUTOMATON THIS MORNING?
STILL, YOU SEEM A TAD PREOCCUPIED.
AND THAT ALLOWS ME ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE.
HM. I WONDER IF THAT WAS YOUR COMELY YOUNG WIFE ON THE LINE JUST NOW.
PITY IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HER...


AH. GOOD
ONE LOAD OFF MY SHOULDERS...
BYE-BYE, BABY BRAINIAC...
HA HA HAHA HA
WATCH OUT FOR UFO'S!
CLIFF! GLAD YOU'RE HERE.
YOUR SISTER'S STILL MISSING, SO I'D APPRECIATE IT IF *YOU'D* STAY CLOSE TO HOME THIS AFTERNOON.
GOTTA GET BACK TO THE OFFICE. LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND YOU.
WHERE'S YOUR CAR?
HM?...OH. PARKED AROUND THE CORNER.
IDIOT
TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP.
I WANT THIS WHOLE WORTHLESS RACE WIPED OFF THE PLANET *A.S.A.P.*


GASH?
NO, MILADY; JUST YOUR DEVOTED MAGE.
SORRY, HOCUS. =SNF= I JUST THOUGHT...
OH, WIZARD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
IT WAS A ROUT! A TOTAL ROUT! =AHUH-HUH=
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! I'M NOT A WARRIOR, I'M NOT EVEN FROM HERE! I'M JUST A FREAKIN' KID, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
SO WAS YOUR JOAN OF ARC.
=SNF= HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JOAN OF ARC?
YOUR PREDECESSOR TOLD ME. THE ORIGINAL ERADIKA. TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS BUT A WEE LAD.
YOU ..YOU MET HER?
YES. THAT IS HOW I RECOGNIZED YOU AS HER REINCARNATION. YOU ARE HER VERY IMAGE.
SHE EVEN TOLD ME WHEN YOU WOULD APPEAR AMONGST US, TO LEAD US TO VICTORY AGAINST THE IMPERATRIX.
WELL, SHE WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT, WASN'T SHE? WE LOST ABOUT A FIFTH OF OUR MEN TODAY, AND I WAS TOTALLY USELESS TO PREVENT IT.
I'M NOT ERADIKA. I CAN'T BE. YOU'VE ALL MADE A BIG MISTAKE, MY SO-CALLED "PREDECESSOR" MOST OF ALL.
NAY, HIGHNESS...
...FOR SHE DID ALSO FORETELL THIS VERY MOMENT OF DOUBT AND DESPOND.


HOP IN
THANKS FOR THE LIFT. COULDN'T HAVE FACED PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION TONIGHT.
NO PROBLEM. ANY WORD FROM CRIS?
NONE. I'VE CHECKED FOR MESSAGES ABOUT EVERY TWENTY SECONDS.
HELL'S BELLS, WHAT A DAY!...MY PATIENT SUFFERS A *SEVERE* SETBACK, AND WHILE I'M HELPING HER FATHER THROUGH IT...
...ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS MY *OWN* DAUGHTER.
WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS. MEANTIME...
...I WAS THINKING. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, YOU SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE A CAR.
I KNOW. WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS. BUT THE EXPENSE...
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT A NEW CAR. I MEAN YOUR *OLD* ONE.
EUGENIA?...BUT...WHEN WE GOT MARRIED, YOU MADE ME PROMISE NEVER TO BE SEEN IN HER AGAIN!
=SIGH= I KNOW, I KNOW. WHAT CAN I SAY?...
...DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES.

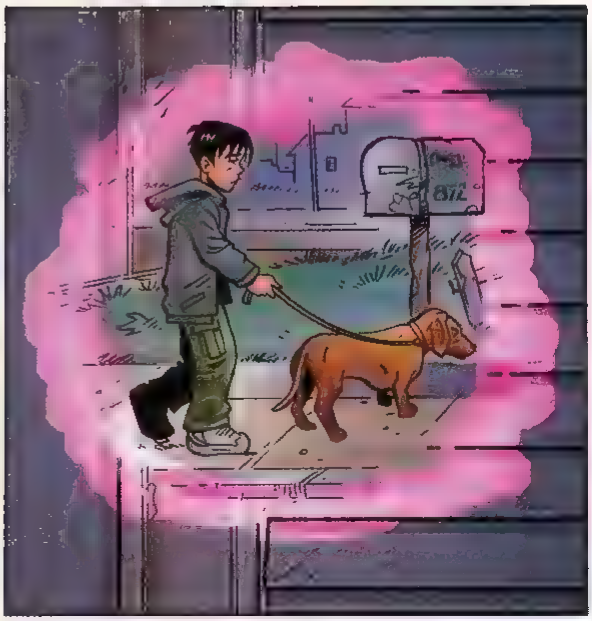

ANY WORD FROM YOUR SIS-
I'D HAVE PHONED.




CLIFF IN BED?
SOON. HE'S WALKING CUBBY.


WHAT? OUTSIDE?...ON HIS OWN?...AFTER SUNDOWN?
HE'S FINE. RELAX AND GO TO SLEEP.

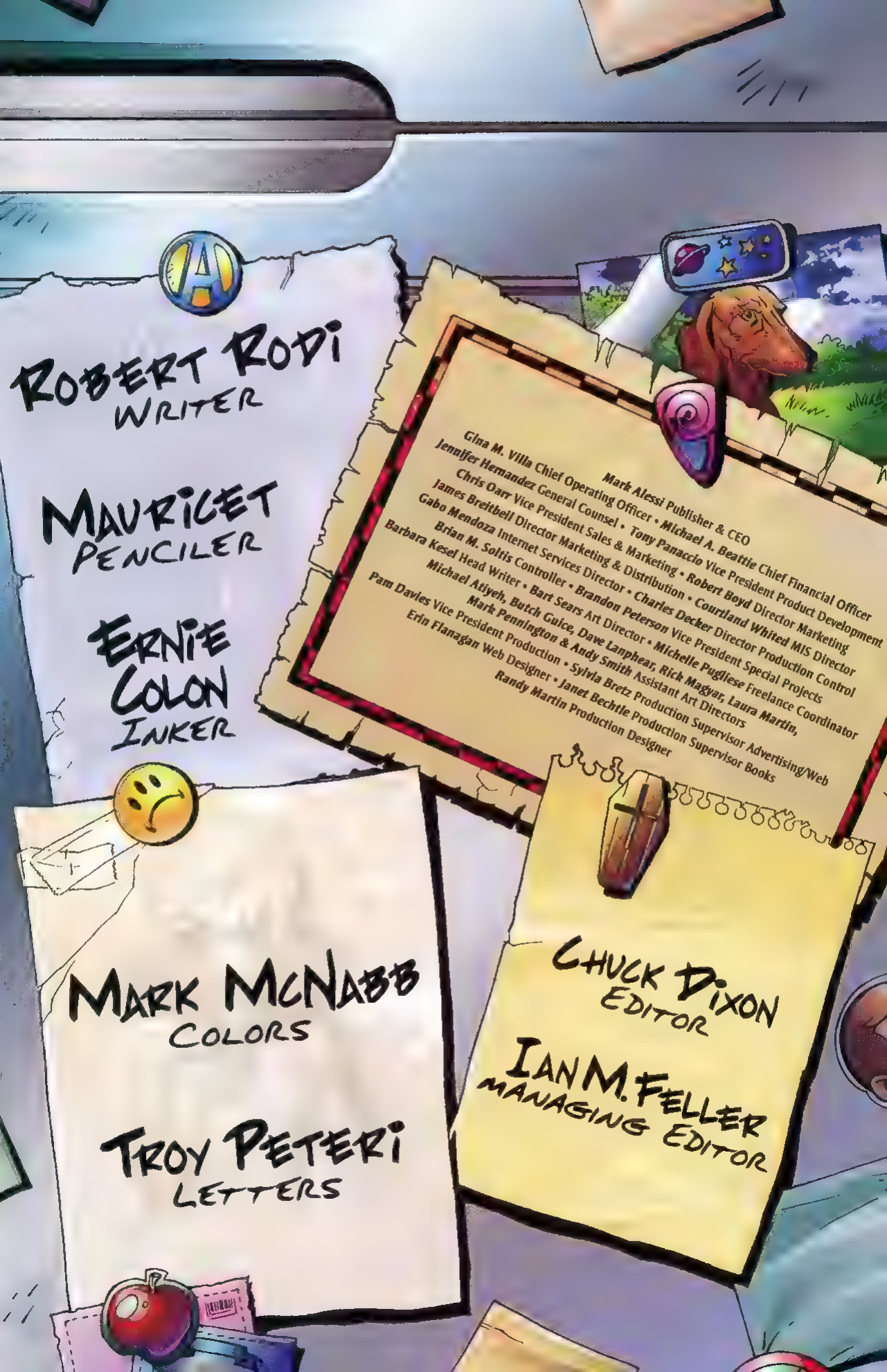





SHUFFLE
TYPICAL
MMM. MMNN...
...NMEH...AAH.. NN
..STOP CALLING ME ..I WON'T COME
.WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU...


OF COURSE YOU WILL. DEAREST CALISTA.
SUCH OLD FRIENDS! AND HOW LONG IT'S BEEN.
BUT MUST KILL YOU..
NOW, WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT?...
...DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU FELT ABOUT ME WHEN YOU WERE A YOUNG GIRL?
NO.. MARRIED NOW
BESIDES, YOU CAN'T KILL ME...
...I'M ALREADY DEAD...
MOM...
...OH!
DAD TOLD ME TO WAKE YOU AT EIGHT. HE'S ALREADY GONE TO WORK.
CRIS IS HOME. SHE'S IN THE SHOWER.


CRIS! CRIS!
IT'S OKAY. DAD ALREADY YELLED AT ME.
HELL'S BELLS, WILL YOU JUST HUG ME?
NOW, HONEY, I KNOW YOUR FATHER'S ALREADY SPOKEN TO YOU...
...BUT THERE ARE THINGS ONLY A MOTHER CAN SAY.
YOUR BROTHER TOLD ME THE STATE YOU WERE IN WHEN YOU GOT IN LAST NIGHT.
OH FOR...
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE OR WHAT YOU WERE DOING, BUT IF YOU CAN'T EVEN ATTEND TO YOUR PERSONAL HYGIENE, THEN I..
JEEZ, MOM! YOU'RE ONE TO TALK.
...WHAT?
CHECK OUT YOUR FREAKIN' ROBE, WHY DON'T YOU?
NOOO!
NO. NO, NO.
I CAN'T... I WOULDN'T HAVE...
To be continued...


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BIOTIX, INC.
BIOTECH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date Time Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

- ☐ Telephoned
- ☐ Returned your call
- ☑ Last issue
- ☐ Please Call
- ☐ Will call again
- ☐ URGENT

The Crossovers – dad Carter, mom Calista, daughter Cris and son Cliff – held a family meeting about safety. But they couldn't fully address the subject without revealing their secrets to each other. Carter is already afraid Calista suspects he's the superhero Archetype, while she worries he suspects she's been vampire hunting.

Archetype's archenemy, Mountebank, sent one of his deadly automatons after Cliff. But it was easily disintegrated by the weaponry of P:pC and S[s], members of the alien race Cliff is helping to infiltrate Earth. Mountebank, undaunted, vowed to try attacking another Crossover; he chose Calista.

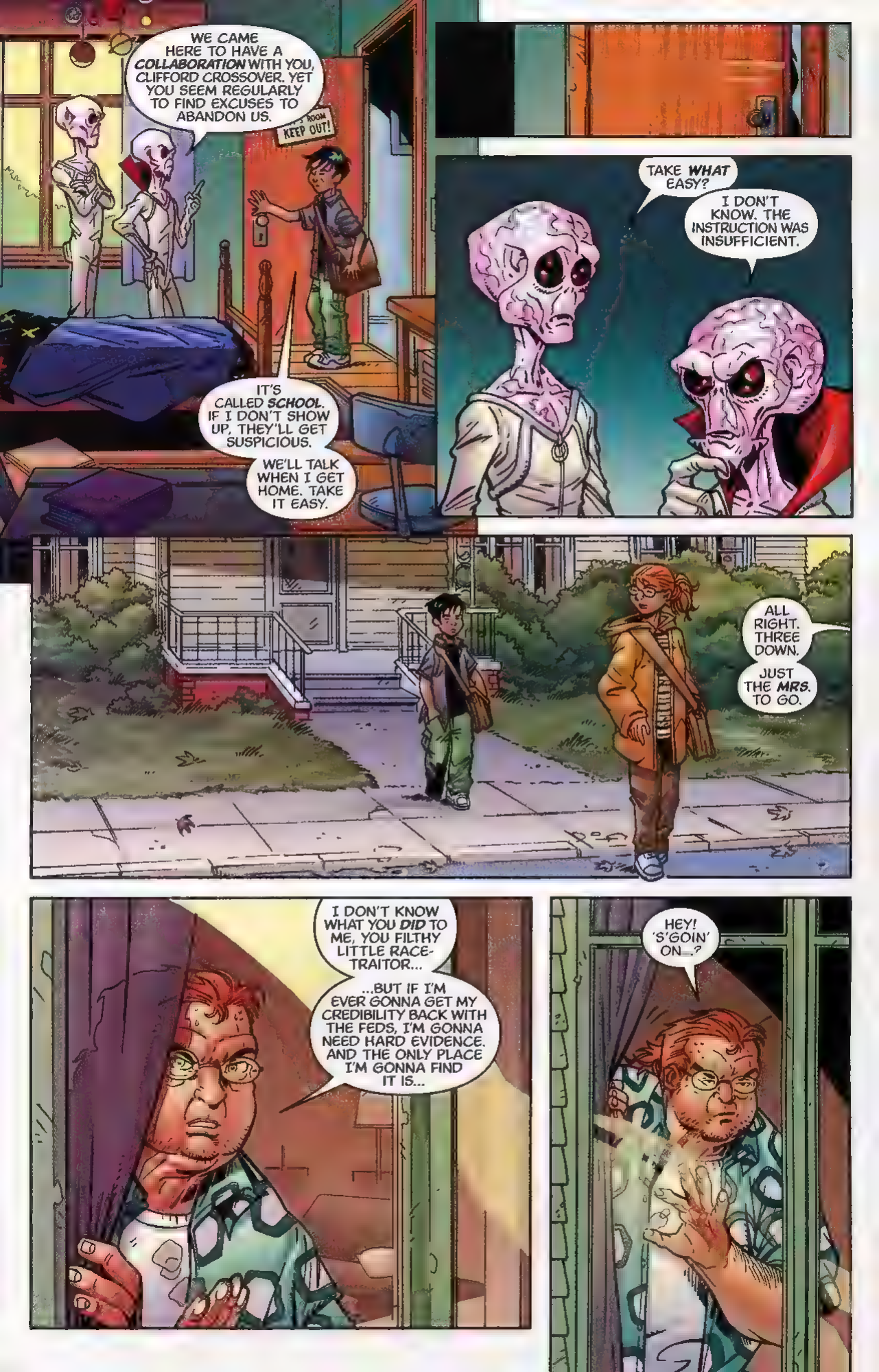
Archetype asked the staff here at Biotix for help protecting his family. They agreed to call in "the old Man."

Cris, in her other-dimensional role as Eradika, leader of the Bellekosin, lost an important battle to the forces of Imperatrix Tyranna Even worse, her most valued general, Gash, was among the missing. The wizard HoCus comforted her by telling her that the defeat – and her despair over it – were foretold long ago.

Calista failed to keep her young charge, Andata Enfier, from the clutches of the vampire Corpescu. But now Corpescu is targeting Calista and her family as well. After a disturbing dream in which she fell sway to the Baron's romantic charms, she awakened to find his mark on her neck.

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=GASP=
SSiii
THANK GOD...JUST IN TIME...
ALL RIGHT, CORPESCU.
THIS MEANS WAR.


WE CAME HERE TO HAVE A COLLABORATION WITH YOU, CLIFFORD CROSSOVER. YET YOU SEEM REGULARLY TO FIND EXCUSES TO ABANDON US.
KEEP OUT!
IT'S CALLED SCHOOL. IF I DON'T SHOW UP, THEY'LL GET SUSPICIOUS.
WE'LL TALK WHEN I GET HOME. TAKE IT EASY.
TAKE WHAT EASY?
I DON'T KNOW. THE INSTRUCTION WAS INSUFFICIENT.
ALL RIGHT. THREE DOWN.
JUST THE MRS. TO GO.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO ME, YOU FILTHY LITTLE RACE-TRAITOR...
...BUT IF I'M EVER GONNA GET MY CREDIBILITY BACK WITH THE FEDS, I'M GONNA NEED HARD EVIDENCE. AND THE ONLY PLACE I'M GONNA FIND IT IS...
HEY! 'S'GOIN' ON...?

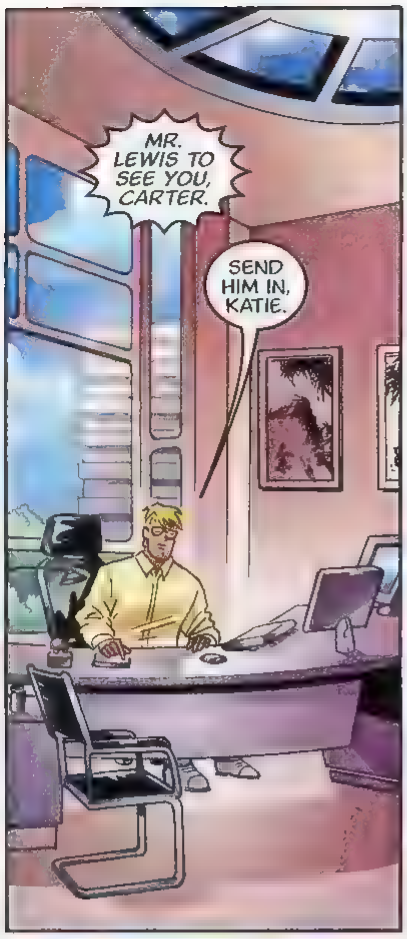

...WHY'S SHE LEAVING THROUGH THE BACK?
OKAY, IT WAS A LOUSY NIGHT... CORPESCU GOT THE BETTER OF ME.
BUT LET'S LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: CRIS IS BACK, SAFE AND SOUND...
.AND I GET TO DRIVE EUGENIA AGAIN!
HEY, THERE, GIRLFRIEND! LONG TIME, NO SEE!
Cross Currents
PART THREE


COME ON, SWEETHEART! IT'S ONLY BEEN A COUPLE YEARS.
WHRR WHRR WHRR
WE.L SIXTEEN
ALL RIGHT! HERE WE GO!
WHRR
KROAR
EXCELLENT. SHE'S GONE.
COAST'S NEVER GONNA GET ANY CLEARER.
ALL I NEED IS ONE EXAMPLE OF ALIEN TECH-NOLOGY.
OR A POD EMBRYO OR A... I DON'T KNOW. ANYTHING.
EH?
RRK RRK

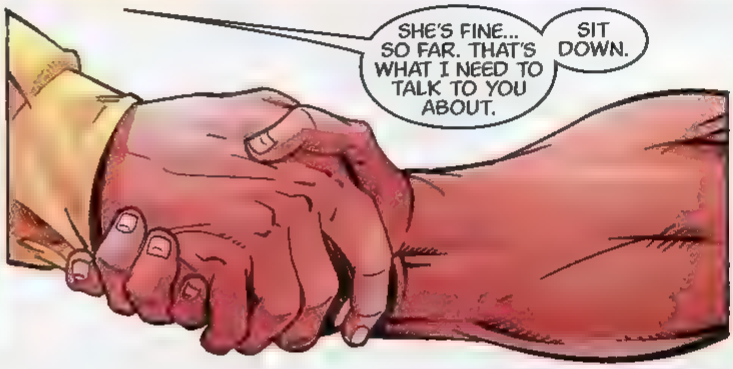

RRRK RRRK
IT APPEARS THAT SOME STRANGE CREATURE IS ATTEMPTING TO GAIN INGRESS.
WE CANNOT RISK DISCOVERY, SIR.
I SUGGEST..
...WE FIND SOME PLACE TO SECRET OURSELVES.
?
YAHOO! THE FREAKIN' MOTHER LODE!
AGENT BRONSKI'S GONNA OWE ME ONE WHALE OF AN APOLO--
AHR AHRAHRAHRARH
EEEK!

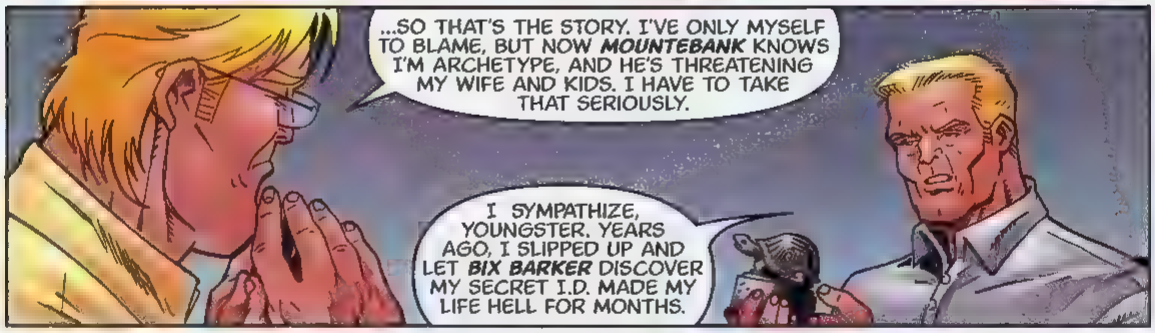

I THINK THE CREATURE IS NOW WITHIN, SIR. I CAN HEAR ITS GUTTURAL EXCLAMATIONS.
PERHAPS WE'LL BE SAFE IF WE TAKE *SUBTERRANEAN* COVER.
I DON'T KNOW...THIS STILL SEEMS A VERY ACCESIBLE AREA.
PERHAPS SO, BUT THERE ARE *OBJECTS* BEHIND WHICH WE CAN OBTAIN SOME CONCEALM--
SLOOP
SIR?... YOU WERE SAYING?...
...SIR?

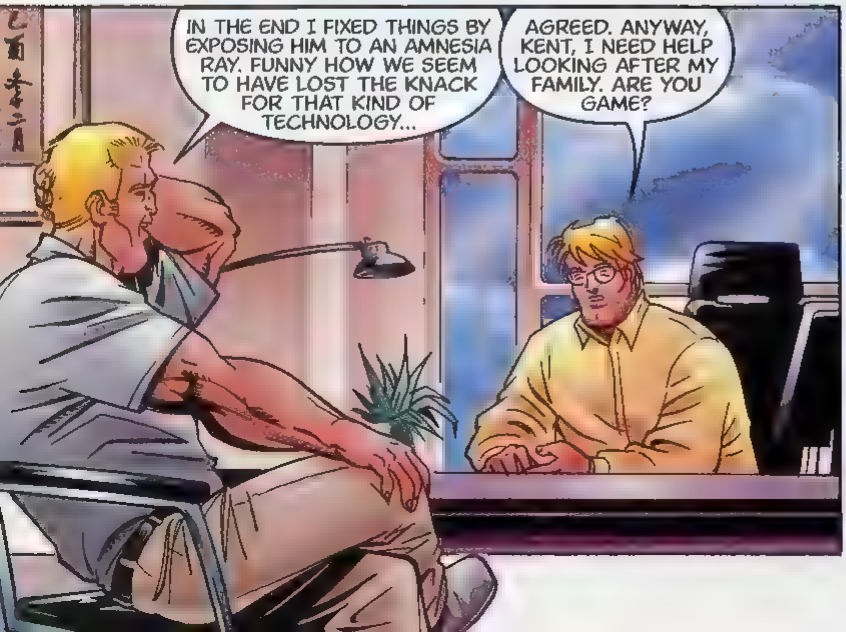

DON'T BLOCK THE BOX
FINE +2 POINTS
WAIT FOR GREEN SIGNAL
ONE WAY
LOOK, IT'S PROTOTYPE, PATROLLING THE SKIES AS HE DID WHEN HE WAS CROSS-TOWN'S FIRST SUPER-HERO!
WITH HIS FANTASTIC POWERS, HE DEFEATED MANY ENEMIES WHO THREATENED OUR CITY!
YEARS LATER, HE RETIRED TO MAKE WAY FOR HIS SUCCESSOR, ARCHETYPE!
??
...!
WHY THE HELL DID WE JUST SAY ALL THAT?
I DON'T KNOW...I DIDN'T WANT TO.
ACTUALLY, IT'S A PHENOMENON THAT OFTEN OCCURS WHEN PROTOTYPE'S AROUND...
"...I READ AN ARTICLE ABOUT IT SOMEWHERE... IT'S CALLED THE WEISINGER EFFECT."
BIOTEK INC

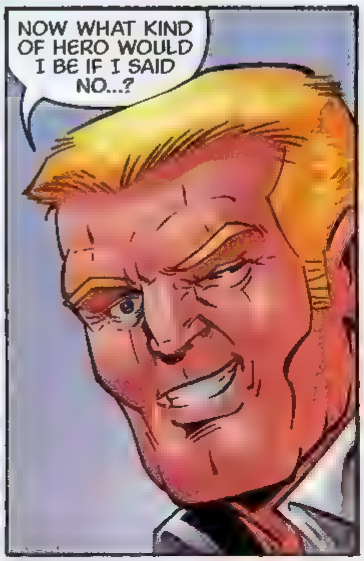

MR. LEWIS TO SEE YOU, CARTER.
SEND HIM IN, KATIE.


KENT! GOOD TO SEE YOU. HOW'S WAYNE?
GREAT. CALISTA?


SHE'S FINE... SO FAR. THAT'S WHAT I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.
SIT DOWN.


...SO THAT'S THE STORY. I'VE ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME, BUT NOW MOUNTEBANK KNOWS I'M ARCHETYPE, AND HE'S THREATENING MY WIFE AND KIDS. I HAVE TO TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY.
I SYMPATHIZE, YOUNGSTER. YEARS AGO, I SLIPPED UP AND LET BIX BARKER DISCOVER MY SECRET I.D. MADE MY LIFE HELL FOR MONTHS.


IN THE END I FIXED THINGS BY EXPOSING HIM TO AN AMNESIA RAY. FUNNY HOW WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE KNACK FOR THAT KIND OF TECHNOLOGY...
AGREED. ANYWAY, KENT, I NEED HELP LOOKING AFTER MY FAMILY. ARE YOU GAME?


NOW WHAT KIND OF HERO WOULD I BE IF I SAID NO...?


Bow down before the one you serve you're going to get what you deserve...
=SIGH= STILL TRACKING THE ROAD-HAPPY MRS. ARCHETYPE. AND SHE'S STILL DRIVING.
NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT SHE'S DRIVING, BUT SHE'S DEFINITELY STILL DRIVING IT. WILL SHE NEVER ARRIVE AT A DESTINA--
AH. FINALLY.
LET'S JUST GET A READ ON THAT LOCATION...
MRS. CROSSOVER! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE.
WHY? IS THERE A PROBLEM WITH ANDATA?
NO, SHE SPENT THE NIGHT UNMOLESTED. I'M JUST WORRIED...
DON'T BE, MR. ENFIER. WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE FOR NOW.
THERE'S NO DANGER OF AN ATTACK DURING BROAD DAYLIGHT--


CODENAME
CALISSSTA CROSSSOVER
. PREPARE TO
SSSSUFFER.


YES, PRINCESS. THIS VERY MOMENT OF DESPAIR HAS BEEN FORETOLD. AS HAS YOUR EVENTUAL VICTORY OVER THE IMPERATRIX TYRANNA.
ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR YOU TO EFFECT YOUR MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION, AND TO CALL DOWN FROM THE SKY THE FIRE-SPITTING DRAGON THAT WILL SCATTER THE IMPERIAL FORCES.
BUT HOCUS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...I CAN'T TRANSFORM INTO ANYTHING! AND I SO DON'T KNOW ANY DRAGONS.
I'M JUST, LIKE... A KID.
NO, HIGHNESS. YOU'RE MUCH MORE THAN THAT...
...EVEN YOUR IGNORANCE OF YOUR ABILITIES HAS BEEN FORETOLD. YOU MUST TRUST ME.
WHY? I DON'T EVEN CARE ANYMORE... NOT ABOUT ANYTHING EXCEPT GASH! WHERE IS HE?
GASH... GASH...
HA! HA! HA!
GASH...
HM?
French Lesson 21
THANK YOU, CRIS. BUT WHATEVER "GASH" MAY MEAN, IT IS NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE A FRENCH PRONOUN.
ANYONE ELSE WANT TO TAKE A STAB AT THE ANSWER?


GASH !
WHAT?
WE'VE JUST HAD WORD. YOUR SO-CALLED "WARRIOR PRINCESS" HAS SALVAGED THE BETTER PART OF THE BELLEKOSIN FORCES.
DAMN HER! HOW MANY?
...YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO US.
SORRY, IMPERATRIX. JUST REFLECTING ON OUR VICTORY...
PREMATURELY, AS IT HAPPENS
MORE THAN ENOUGH TO TROUBLE US AGAIN.
YOU'D BETTER GO BACK. BOAST OF A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM OUR CLUTCHES.
AND THIS TIME, DO THE JOB RIGHT FINISH OFF THE REBELS ONCE AND FOR ALL...
"...BEFORE THEY ENJOY SOME NEW STROKE OF LUCK."


I KNOW THE PRINCESS ISN'T HERE, HOCUS...
...WHAT I DO NOT KNOW IS WHY SHE MUST ALWAYS LEAVES US. ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN OUR FATE HANGS IN THE BALANCE.
I'VE TOLD YOU, ARRAN...
...ERADIKA LIVES IN TWO WORLDS. HER TIME IS DIVIDED BETWEEN THEM.
IT MUST BE A GREAT BURDEN. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO PITY HER.
PITY US, MORE LIKE...
...FACING DEATH FOR A LEADER WHO CAN'T BE BOTHERED TO STAND WITH US.
YOU TREAD CLOSE TO TREASON, MY FRIEND.
DON'T BE ABSURD, WIZARD. IF I TRULY MEANT TREASON, WOULD I SAY SO? LEAST OF ALL TO Y--
FAAASH
HOLD! WHAT WAS THAT?
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.


WH- WHAT IS IT--
I-I DON'T KNOW.
IT SEEMS TO WANT ME. YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE WAY.
MY KIT
MY, MY. SUCH A FRAGILE LITTLE THING. THERE'S ALMOST NO SPORT IN THIS...
SHHOOOM
...NOT AT ALL LIKE A BOUT WITH YOUR HUSB--
PTAANG
WHAT--
WHAT HAVE YOU--
THOOM


A DIRECT ASSAULT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE ANSWER. I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE SUBTLE...
DAMN THIS FAMILY. THEY'RE MORE RESOURCEFUL THAN I THOUGHT.
NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO ABANDON THE VESSEL.
...AND NOW IT'S JUST A LIFELESS HUNK OF METAL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK... NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE. AND CARTER...
...I THINK IT MENTIONED YOU.
GOD. HONEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. OBVIOUSLY WE HAVE TO TALK...
"...BUT PLEASE DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE KIDS. I'VE GOT SOMEONE WATCHING OVER THEM."
CLIFF... LAB'S OVER. TIME FOR YOUR NEXT CLASS.
SIGH
CAN I COME BACK AFTER SCHOOL AND WORK SOME MORE ON MY PROJECT?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT. JUST MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT A RIDE HOME.


AND NOW, BACK TO MY ROLE AS LOYAL BELLEKOSIN LIEUTENA--
eh?
BACK! BACK, OR I'LL INCINERATE THE LOT OF YOU!
FAAASH
FAAASH


ANIMALS! HAVE YOU NO FEAR?
FAAS!
AFTER HIM! CAPTURE THIS DEMON WHO THREATENED OUR WIZARD! FOR ERADIKA!
FOR ERADIKAAA!
PANT PANT
ULP-
HELLO THERE. MY NAME IS GASH.
I'VE GOT SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET.

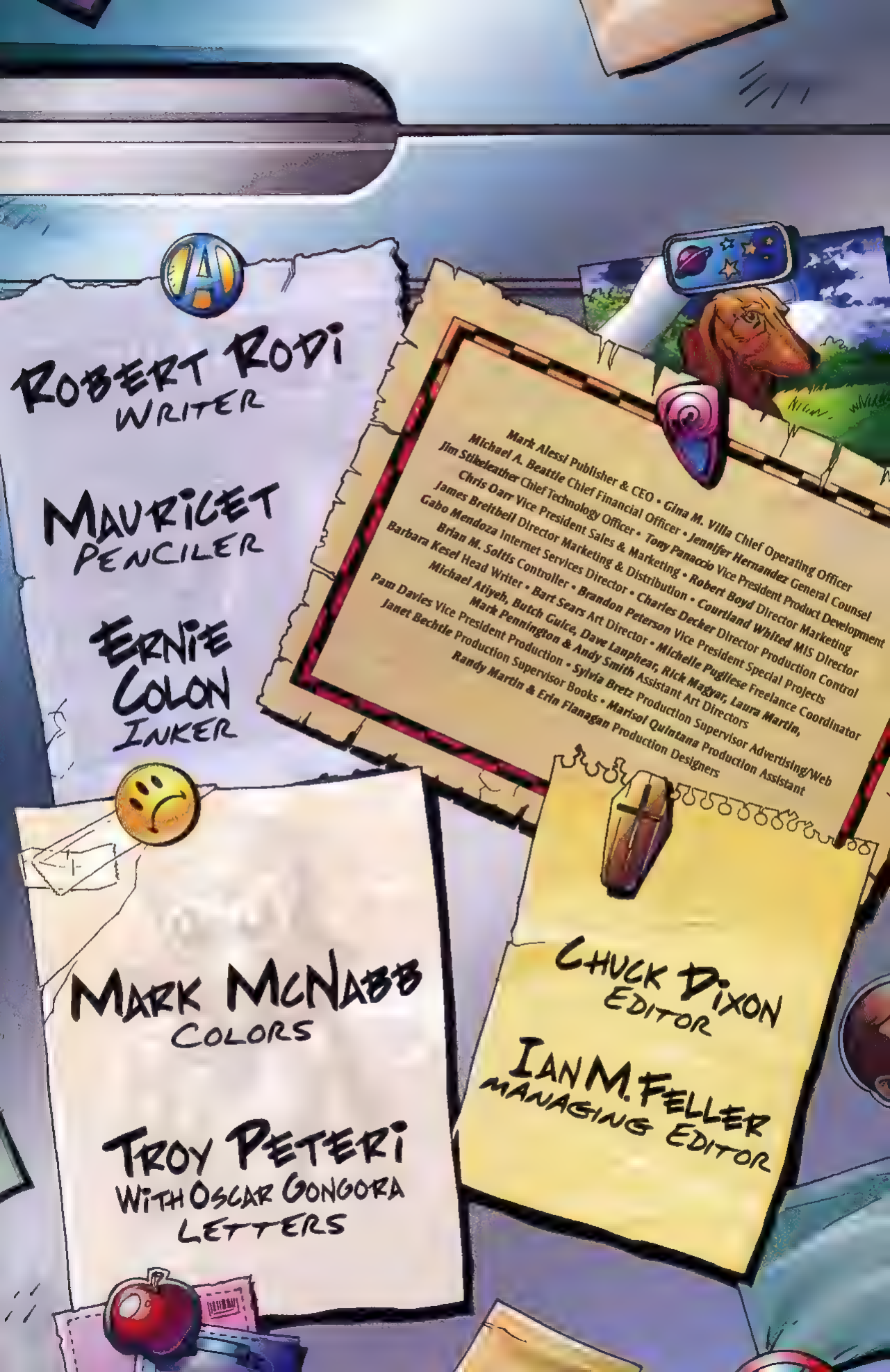

ALL RIGHT...IT'S NOT AS CONVINCING AS HAVING THE ARTIFACTS IN HAND.
BUT IF I CAN JUST GET A SNAPSHOT...
SEE IF I CAN GET A FIX HERE...
GOT 'EM!
JUST A LITTLE FOCUS ADJUSTMENT AND...
DAMN!
HHSSS
ALMOST HAD 'EM...
SIR ? HELLO?
...IT REALLY ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE, SIR...
CLIFF'S ROOM


NO...NO... THIS ISN'T HELPING.
CAESAR CONQUERED THE TRIBES OF GAUL WITH THE MOST ADVANCED ARMY IN THE WORLD. I'M IN THE EXACT OPPOSITE POSITION.
THE CONQUEST OF GAUL
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WIN?
SHORT OF PULLING A DRAGON OUT OF MY HAT, WHICH ISN'T LIKELY TO HAPPEN, NO MATTER WHAT HOCUS SAYS.
CRIS...? CLIFF...? I'M HOME.
DOWN HERE, DAD.
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME DOWN HERE, IT'S DANK, AND THE LIGHT'S MUCH BETTER IN YOUR ROOM.
I LIKE IT HERE. IT'S QUIET.
=SIGH= FINE. WHERE'S CLIFF?
IF HE'S NOT IN HIS ROOM, HE MUST STILL BE AT SCHOOL.
HE SAID HE WAS STAYING LATE TO WORK ON SOME PROJECT.
Hmm...


IF I DON'T GET THESE SHOTS SOON, I'LL LOSE THE FREAKIN' LIGHT...
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD
CLIFF...?
DAMN
...AN ACTUAL EXTRATERRESTRIAL... I-I GOTTA KEEP IT TOGETHER AND GET A SHOT.
OH GOD, OH GOD, THIS IS IT, THIS IS MY MOMENT...
WHOOSH
OH NO. THIS... THIS WHOLE THING IS BIGGER THAN I THOUGHT.
ARCHETYPE IS AN ALIEN SHAPE-SHIFTER!


PROTOTYPE!
AH. FIGURED IT'D BE YOU.
DON'T GET TOO MANY HEADS-UP AT THIS ALTITUDE.
I TAKE IT CLIFF'S STILL HERE?
YEP, SAFE AND SOUND. SEEMS TO BE WORKING ON SOME KIND OF SCIENCE PROJECT...
...THOUGH THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT IT. CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT...
THANKS FOR KEEPING AN EYE ON HIM. MOUNTEBANK'S MADE HIS MOVE EARLIER THAN I ANTICIPATED...
...HE ATTACKED CALISTA THIS MORNING. SHE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D MIND GOING AND CHECKING ON HER WHILE I WATCH CLIFF.
I'D GO MYSELF, BUT I'M AFRAID SHE MIGHT RECOGNIZE ME.
SIGH- NOT THAT OLD SONG AGAIN...
...LOOK, THE WOMAN'S YOUR WIFE. SHE DESERVES TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU.
I KNOW. BUT MY CONTRACT WITH BIOTIX SAYS I CAN'T REVEAL ITS TRADE SECRETS TO ANYONE...


ARCHETYPE'S NOT A TRADE SECRET HE'S YOUR SECOND SELF
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY B.OTIX DIDN'T CREATE YOU
OKAY... ALMOST READY...
CAN'T WAIT TO BRING THIS HOME AND SHOW SEESAW AND PEACOCK.
"YEAH, GUYS, WHILE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING IN THE SHADOWS OF MY BEDROOM CLOSET..."
"...I'VE BEEN COBBLING TOGETHER A DISPERSAL DEVICE FOR MAKING OUR MIND-CONTROL SPORES AIRBORNE."
IN FACT, WHY DON'T I JUST ADD THE SPORES RIGHT NOW AND DO A TEST RUN?
GET THE WHOLE COUNTY ON OUR TEAM BEFORE DINNERTIME. THAT'D SHOW SUSHI AND PICKPACK I'VE GOT MY VALUE TO THE CAUSE...
I'LL JUST...
AAGGH!
To be continued...


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THE CROSSOVERS™

Robert Rodi Mauricet Ernie Colon Mark McNabb



Cris, age 11, with her first kitten. She named it Barbariak the Limb-Hacker.



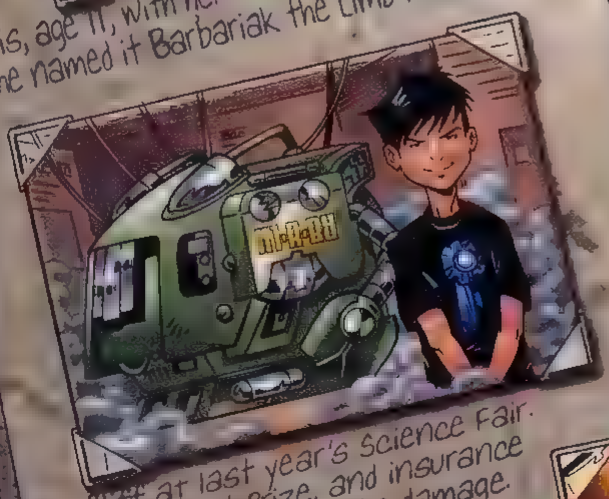
Carter, before...



...and after his special weight-gain diet. Really worked!



Calista, age 7, with her beloved Fashion Francie doll.



Cliff at last year's Science Fair. He won First Prize, and insurance covered most of the damage.



Cubby's first Halloween.

MOMO ERNIE mcnabb

BIOTIX, INC.
BIOTECH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date Time Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

- ☐ Telephoned
- ☐ Returned your call
- ☑ Last issue
- ☐ Please Call
- ☐ Will call again
- ☐ URGENT

Archetype's foe, Mountebank, discovered the hero is Carter Crossover, and vowed vengeance on the Crossover clan. Archetype enlisted his predecessor, Prototype, to help protect his family.

Before they could act, Mountebank sent an automaton against Carter's wife, Calista. It followed her to Enfier Manor, where she's been treating Andata Enfier for vampirism. Calista disabled it with her crossbow.

Cris Crossover learned of a prophecy that she, in her role of other-dimensional warrior princess Eradika, will defeat the Imperatrix Tyranna by undergoing a strange transformation, and by summoning a fire-spitting dragon from the skies.

The alien invasion scouts hidden in Clifford Crossover's bedroom retreated when Perry Noia tried to gain access through the window. Hiding in the basement, the senior scout, P.P.C., fell into the catch basin and found himself in Eradika's world. He was taken captive by Gash, the defector from the Bellekosin tribe.

Later, Perry Noia caught sight of S[s], but his astonishment at seeing a real alien was doubled when Archetype exited the house from the same window. Perry is now convinced Archetype is an alien shape-shifter.

In the high school science lab, Cliff invented a device for dispersing alien mind-control spores. Before he could activate it, he was attacked by Calista's vampire foe, Baron Corpescu.

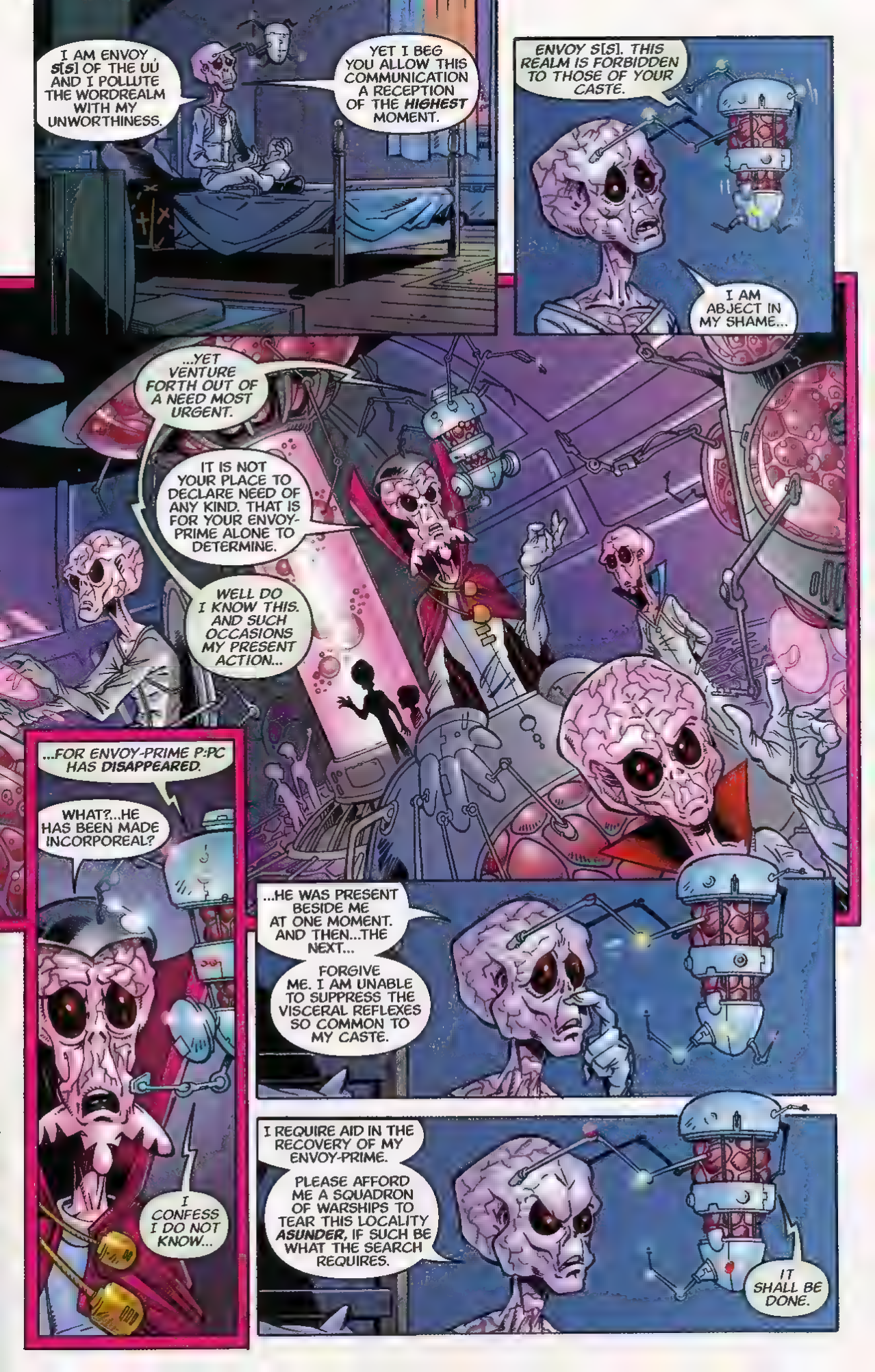
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AAGGH!
YOU HEAR SOMETHING. ?
PFAH!
WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE ARE YOU?...
...'TIS NOT HUMAN BLOOD WHICH RUNS IN YOUR VEINS!
I'LL HAVE NONE OF YOU, UNNATURAL WHELP.
CLIFF!


UHHH-
IT'S ALL RIGHT, ARCHETYPE. THE BOY'S JUST DAZED.
BUT... WHAT HAPPENED HERE? HIS SHIRT'S COVERED WITH BLOOD...
...BUT I DON'T SEE ANY WOUNDS.
YOU GOT ME THERE, CHUM. DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
PROTOTYPE, I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...
...WHOEVER DID THIS TO CLIFF MAY GO AFTER CRIS NEXT.
WILL YOU TAKE HIM TO ENFIER MANOR, WHERE HIS MOTHER CAN LOOK AFTER HIM?
I'VE GOT TO RACE BACK HOME.


BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"
NO ONE GETS THE DROP ON ME, WHOEVER YOU ARE...
...WHATEVER YOU ARE.
Cross Currents
PART FOUR


hSsssSS
UNNNH
OOOF
YOU FIGHT LIKE A DEMONESS, YOUNG ONE.
BUT I AM A TRUE SPAWN OF HELL...
...YOU CANNOT WIN.
OH, PLEASE. NOT NOW.
...NOT NOW!
AAAH!
NO
YES!

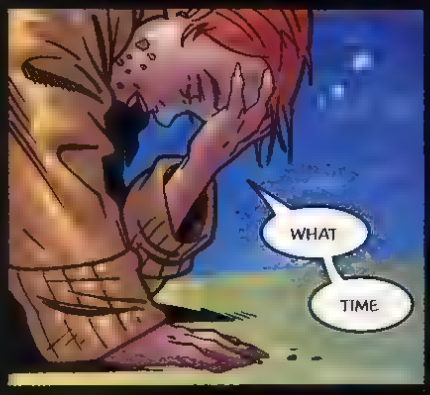

I AM ENVOY S[S] OF THE UÚ AND I POLLUTE THE WORDREALM WITH MY UNWORTHINESS.
YET I BEG YOU ALLOW THIS COMMUNICATION A RECEPTION OF THE HIGHEST MOMENT.
ENVOY S[S]. THIS REALM IS FORBIDDEN TO THOSE OF YOUR CASTE.
I AM ABJECT IN MY SHAME...
...YET VENTURE FORTH OUT OF A NEED MOST URGENT.
IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE TO DECLARE NEED OF ANY KIND. THAT IS FOR YOUR ENVOY-PRIME ALONE TO DETERMINE.
WELL DO I KNOW THIS. AND SUCH OCCASIONS MY PRESENT ACTION...
...FOR ENVOY-PRIME P:PC HAS DISAPPEARED.
WHAT?...HE HAS BEEN MADE INCORPOREAL?
I CONFESS I DO NOT KNOW...
...HE WAS PRESENT BESIDE ME AT ONE MOMENT. AND THEN...THE NEXT...
FORGIVE ME. I AM UNABLE TO SUPPRESS THE VISCERAL REFLEXES SO COMMON TO MY CASTE.
I REQUIRE AID IN THE RECOVERY OF MY ENVOY-PRIME.
PLEASE AFFORD ME A SQUADRON OF WARSHIPS TO TEAR THIS LOCALITY ASUNDER, IF SUCH BE WHAT THE SEARCH REQUIRES.
IT SHALL BE DONE.


GASH! DID WE NOT COMMAND YOU RETURN TO THE BELLEKOSIN?
WHEREFORE, THEN, THIS UNBIDDEN RETURN?... AND WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE DO YOU BRING HITHER?
IMPERATRIX, NOT FOR ANY MIDDLING MOTIVE DO I ACT COUNTER TO YOUR EXPRESS WISHES.
BUT DID I ENCOUNTER THIS WORTHY...uh...YEOMAN, WHO MAY YIELD US SOME GREAT ADVANTAGE IN OUR ENDEAVORS.
YOU MAY KNOW HIM BY THE NAME OF POPPOK.
P:PC.
PEEPKIK.
P:PC.
NEVER MIND YOUR APPELLATION FOR NOW, MY FRIEND.
SHOW THE IMPERATRIX WHAT IT IS YOU CAN DO.
FAAASH
YOU ..
..YOU ARE WELCOME, YEOMAN PICKUP.
P:PC.


LOOK, STURM! WE'VE DRAWN OUT OUR ARCH-ENEMY!
NOW WE CAN GIVE HIM THE BONE CRUSHING HE DESERVES!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, STURM AND DRANG...
...BUT I DON'T...
HAVE TIME...
...FOR FILTH LIKE YOU!
HAH! GUESS YOU'D BETTER MAKE TIME!
SIZZLZAP
ROLL




.. OOOOH


WHAT
TIME


BELLEKOSIN
BATTLE
NAH


SHLOOP


LOOKS LIKE THE POLICE ARE LEAVING NOW.
SHOULDN'T THEY STAY...?
...I MEAN, IN CASE THAT THING COMES BACK?
COMES BACK? IT NEVER LEFT.
IT'S STILL DOWN IN THE FOYER. BUT THERE'S NO JUICE LEFT IN IT. IT'S JUST A HUNK OF METAL NOW.
SO...IT CAN'T HURT US?
NO. AND ANYWAY, IT'S JUST ME IT WAS AFTER.
EXACTLY SO.
MRS. CROSSOVER, MIGHT I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU IN PRIVATE?


I DON'T WISH TO BE UNGRATEFUL.
I'M SENSITIVE TO THE VERY GREAT SERVICE YOU'VE DONE ME IN DISCOVERING THE *MONSTER* PREYING ON MY DAUGHTER...


...BUT IF *EQUALLY* DEADLY MENACES ARE TO PURSUE YOU INTO OUR MIDST, I HAVE TO WONDER WHAT ACTUAL GAIN THAT SERVICE PROVIDES.
MR. ENFIER, YOU'RE OVERREACTING.


OVERREACTING?
THE FRONT OF MY HOUSE HAS BEEN TURNED TO RUBBLE BY A FIFTEEN-FOOT *TINKERTOY.*
I KNOW. I'M NOT MINIMIZING THE DAMAGE.


BUT YOUR DAUGHTER IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY PIECE OF REAL ESTATE, AND I'M STILL HER BEST BET FOR BEATING CORPESCU.
I *KNOW* VAMPIRES. I KNOW THEM INSIDE AND OUT.
AND I CAN KILL THIS ONE. I *CAN.*


AND IN THE MEANTIME, ARE WE TO RISK ATTACK BY EVERY *OTHER* IMAGINABLE NIGHTMARE?
DON'T BE SILLY. WHAT HAPPENED TODAY WAS SOME KIND OF FLUKE. NOTHING LIKE IT HAS EVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFO--

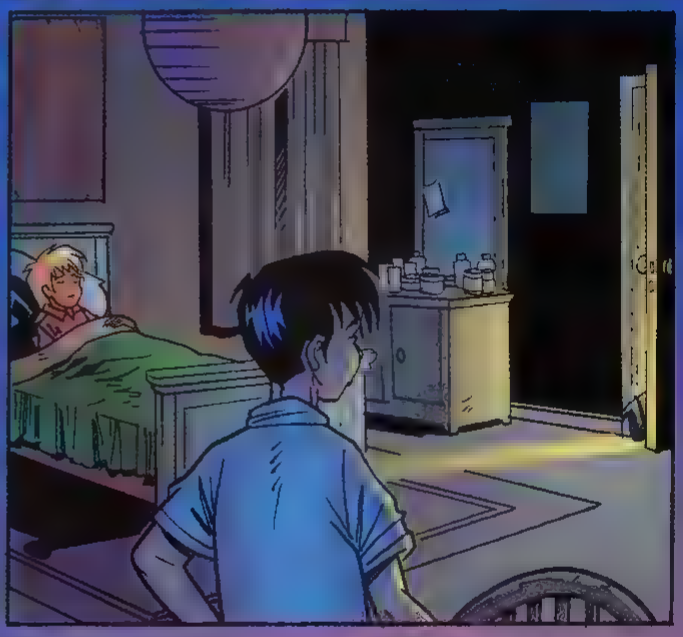

OHH!


CLIFF!
I'M SORRY FOR FRIGHTENING THE YOUNG LADY. I THOUGHT I'D SEEN MRS. CROSSOVER IN THIS ROOM A MINUTE AGO.
WHAT HAPPENED? OOF! WHY IS HE BLEEDING?
S'OKAY, MOM. I CAN STAND UP NOW.
I'M NOT SURE, MA'AM...
...HE WAS IN THE LAB AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, WHEN HE APPEARS TO HAVE SUFFERED SOME KIND OF ATTACK.
SPEAKING OF WHICH...YOU DROPPED THIS, SON.
THANKS.
IS HE ALL RIGHT? IS HE HURT?
THAT'S THE STRANGE THING...
THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN IT.
I WON T...
...BUT I WILL THANK YOU FOR BRINGING HIM TO ME, ARCHETYPE.
I...I'M NOT ARCHETYPE. I'M PROTOTYPE.
SORRY. I'M NOT REALLY UP ON MY SUPER-HEROES.

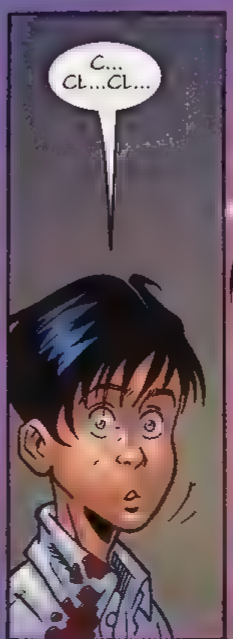

HONEY, WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW 'S KIND OF A BLUR.
MRS CROSSOVER

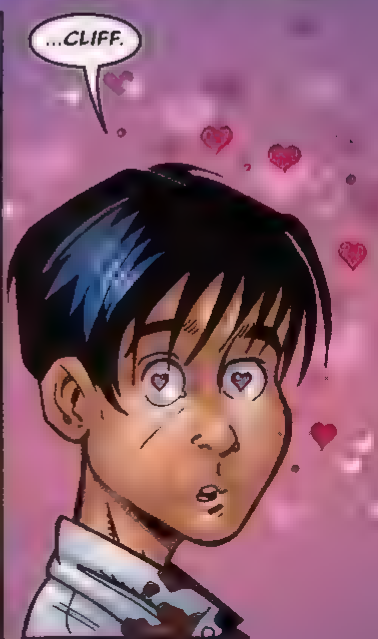

...THAT WAS THE SECOND INVASION OF MY HOME TODAY PROMPTED BY YOUR PRESENCE HERE.
GRANTED, IT WAS BY AN ACKNOWLEDGED HERO, BUT... :AHEM:


...I DON'T CARE TO DISCUSS THIS IN FRONT OF MY DAUGHTER. MAY WE RESUME OUR DISCUSSION IN THE HALL?
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. DON'T MOVE.




MRS. CROSSOVER'S YOUR MOM?...YOU'RE LUCKY. SHE'S COOL.
I'M ANDATA. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?


C... CL...CL...


...CLIFF.


...SO THAT'S THE CROSSOVER HOMESTEAD, EH?
BIT HUMBLER THAN I'D HAVE THOUGHT.
ODD NO ONE SEEMS TO BE HOME AT THIS HOUR. STILL... I IMAGINE THEY'LL ARRIVE SOON ENOUGH.
IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH FOR MY AUTOMATONS TO BRING THE WHOLE STRUCTURE DOWN AROUND THE FAMILY'S EARS. PREFERABLY WHILE THEY'RE ASLEEP.
ARCHETYPE WOULD SURVIVE, OF COURSE. BUT IT'S EVEN MORE EXQUISITELY CRUEL TO FORCE HIM TO LIVE ON WITHOUT THE OTHERS.
THE ONLY DIFFICULTY WILL BE GETTING THE AUTOMATONS WITHIN RANGE WITHOUT DISCOVERY AND CONSEQUENT INTERRUPTION.
RAP RAP RAP
YIII!


DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST ONE OF THE LOCAL CITIZENS. PROBABLY WANTS TO SELL ME INSURANCE OR SOMETHING.
WH-WHAT? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M--
WELL, YOUR VAN'S BEEN PARKED OUTSIDE A WHILE, SO I GOT SUSPICIOUS AND RAN A CHECK ON THE LICENSE PLATES. THEY'RE REGISTERED TO A BUSINESS CALLED CROWN CONSTRUCTS, LTD.
I CROSS-REFERENCED THAT WITH MY LAW ENFORCEMENT DATABASE AND DISCOVERED IT'S A DUMMY CORPORATION USED BY YOUR CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION ON SEVERAL PAST OCCASIONS.
GOOD EVENING, MY FRIEND. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?
'SCUSE ME, AREN'T YOU ARCHETYPE'S ARCH-ENEMY, MOUNTEBANK?
FROM THERE, I JUST ADDED TWO AND TWO AND GOT FOUR.
WHY... HOW VERY ENTERPRISING OF YOU.
LISTEN, YOU'VE PROBABLY DISCOVERED THAT ARCHETYPE HAS SOME CONNECTION TO THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET.
OH, IS THAT COMMON KNOWLEDGE, THEN?
NO, IT'S A BIG SECRET...
...BUT I'M AN INVESTIGATOR, AND I UNCOVERED IT.
Y'KNOW, I LIVE RIGHT NEXT DOOR. IF YOU WANT TO USE MY HOUSE AS A BASE OF OPERATIONS OR ANYTHING, LET ME KNOW. I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP YOU ELIMINATE THE THREAT THIS GUY POSES TO ALL LIFE ON EARTH.
YOU...YOU WOULD?
I SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A GARAGE, WOULD YOU?


WE SHALL ENGAGE THE ENEMY ON THE PLAIN BELOW.
OUR SUPERIOR NUMBERS ARE AN ADVANTAGE, OF COURSE...
...BUT YOUR FIRE WEAPON IS OUR GUARANTEE OF VICTORY, MY DEAR PRICKIT.
P:PC
IMPERATRIX! THE BELLEKOSIN...
...THEY ARRIVE FOR FINAL BATTLE! AND WHAT A SORRY SIGHT THEY MAKE.
AND YOUR WARRIOR PRINCESS...?
I DO NOT SEE HER ODD.
"...SHE SHOULD SURELY BE CHIEF AMONG THEM."
THERE THEY ARE, GENERAL ARRAN...THE DAMNED IMPERATRIX AND HER UNHOLY LEGIONS.
AND WE WITHOUT OUR LEADER. WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
WE CARRY ON, KARAK...


"...AND WE TRUST IN ERADIKA."
VERY WELL, OLD MARE..
...WE'RE READY NOW, SHOULD WE NEED TO RETREAT FROM THIS CAMP.
THOUGH ***STILL*** I TRUST IN THE PRESAGES OF VICTORY. I YET GIVE ***CREDIT*** TO THE FORETELLINGS OF THE FIRST ERADIKA.
BUT WITHOUT HER SUCCESSOR HERE TO LEAD US, WHAT HOPE HAVE WE...?
. HOCUS
MY LADY!... YOU'VE RETURNED, AND IN GOOD TIME! THE PROPHECIES REMAIN TRUE!
COME, LET ME HELP YOU GET ASTRIDE YOUR MOUNT.
HOCUS, DON'T FEEL WELL .
BY ALL THE SEVEN MAGES...IT BEGINS!
...YOUR TERRIBLE ***METAMORPHOSIS*** COMMENCES!


SSSSHHHOOOOM
WORMHOLE EVACUATION SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, SIR. WE ARE ARRIVED IN THREE-DIMENSIONAL SPACE, IN THE SECTOR CONTAINING SOL III.
WHAT COURSE ARE WE TO SET?
ONE MOMENT, LIEUTENANT. LET ME CALL UP THE COORDINATES ENVOY S[S] SUPPLIED US...
"...FOR THE TERRAN LOCALITY KNOWN AS CROSSTOWN."


DAMN! TOOK ME LONGER THAN IT SHOULD'VE TO BRING DOWN STURM AND DRANG.
HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO--
CRIS?
CRIS?
CRIS!
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. I CAN WORK THIS OUT. I'M A SUPER-HERO, FOR GOD'S SAKE.
NOT NOW, CUBBY.
CUBBY!...OF COURSE!
LOOKS LIKE I NEED YOU AFTER ALL, PAL.
THOUGH ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT CUBBY I NEED...


!
WHOOSH
...BARKETYPE!
FIND CRIS, BOY. FOLLOW HER SCENT.
:SNF SNF:
WHHHIP
...IT'S THE SUPER-SENSES OF ARCHETYPE'S SECRET WEAPON.
ATTA BOY! GOOD DOG!
WHOOSH
WHOOOSH
:SNF SNF:
!
SHLOOP


ARRAN! THE ENEMY FORCES US BACK!
KEEP FIGHTING, KARAK...AND PRAY FOR A MIRACLE!
FAAASH
AAAAHEEE
WELL DONE, YEOMAN PORPIK. YOUR FIRE WEAPON IS SOWING CONFUSION AND CHAOS AMONG THE BELLEKOSIN.
BRING ME THUS A VICTORY, AND I SHALL REWARD YOU ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN MY REALM.
WHAT...?
I PROTEST, IMPERATRIX! MY SERVICES TO YOU ARE FAR AND ABOVE ANY YON CREATURE CAN SUPPLY AT THIS LATE HOUR.
FOR YOU, I BETRAYED MY OWN TRIBESMEN, BRINGING YOU MUCH INTELLIGENCE OF THEIR MOVEMENTS AND STRATAGEMS.
THIS VICTORY IS THE RESULT OF MY EFFORTS, NOT HIS...
...YEA, WERE IT NOT FOR ME, YEOMAN PIPTIK WOULD NOT BE HERE TO FIGHT FOR YOU.
YOU WASTE TIME WITH TALK, GASH, WHILE OTHERS BATTLE ON. IF YOU WOULD RETAIN MY FAVOR...
...FIND A SERVICE TO RENDER ME NOW.
THAT I WILL!
SSH
ARRAN LOOK!
EH?


THE PRINCESS JOINS THE FRAY!
ERADIKA!
ERADIKA!
ERADIKA!
ERADIKA!
SO SHE'S COME AT LAST...
...AND THEREIN LIES MY OPPORTUNITY.
WELCOME, PRINCESS! THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU HAS DISPERSED OUR ENEMIES.
BUT IT IS A TEMPORARY RESPITE. WE MUST GIRD OURSELVES, FOR THEY WILL SOON REGROUP
GASH?...
N-NO, MILADY. IT IS ARRAN WHO SPEAKS...
ERADIKA!... PRINCESS!
I RETURN TO YOU, HAVING VALIANTLY ESCAPED THE CLUTCHES OF THE IMPERATRIX!
OH, GASH...
GASH...


HAH! IT SEEMS I HAD NO NEED TO WASTE WORDS...
...SO SWIFTLY DID PROUD ERADIKA BECOME MINE!
WH... WHERE IS HE GOING?
KARAK, MY BROTHER, I FEAR WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED...
"...THE WAR IS OVER. WE ARE DEFEATED."
THE MOMENT APPROACHES.
THE PROPHECY BECOMES REALITY.
BEHOLD, UNGRATEFUL IMPERATRIX!
DISPARAGE YOUR LOYAL GASH'S EFFORTS, YET HE BRINGS YOU THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL!
ERADIKA!... YOU'VE CAPTURED HER!
WHY, SHE'S NO MORE THAN A CHILD!
WE SHALL REDUCE THE PROGRAM OF TORTURES FOR HER ACCORDINGLY.
WH WHO...?
RRRRAAAHRR
AAH!
To be continued...


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ROBERT RODI MAURICET ERNIE COLON MARK McNABB

BIOTIX, INC.

BIOTECH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date Time Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

- ☐ Telephoned
- ☐ Returned your call
- ☑ Last issue
- ☐ Please Call
- ☐ Will call again
- ☐ URGENT

Cliff designed a dispersal device for his alien allies' mind-control spores. Before he could test it, he was attacked by the vampire Corpescu, who, disgusted by Cliff's alien-tainted blood, left him alive — and curiously unmarked. Cliff was taken to Enfier Manor, where his mother could look after him. There, Cliff met and fell hard for Andata Enfier, another of Corpescu's victims.

Corpescu then attacked Cliff's sister, Cris. Seriously wounded by him, Cris managed to make her way to the portal to Eradika's realm. Her father, unable to find her anywhere in the house, sent the family dog Cubby, on her trail. In his guise as Archetype's secret weapon, Barketype. With his super-sense of smell, Barketype followed Cris' scent to the portal, and dove in.

Perry Noia, believing Archetype to be an alien shape-shifter, offered his garage to Archetype's enemy Mountebank as a base of operations.

At the request of S[s], the UN sent a squadron of warships to either find P:pC, or destroy Crosstown.

P:pC remained in Eradika's realm, where his "fire weapon" (i.e. ray gun) is proved to be the Imperial Army's best chance for total victory. When Eradika arrived for battle, the Bellekosin briefly gained an advantage, but Gash abducted the weakened warrior princess and took her straight to the Imperatrix Tyranna. At the sight of Tyranna's cross-shaped emblem, Eradika, infected by Corpescu's bite, reacted by sprouting fangs.

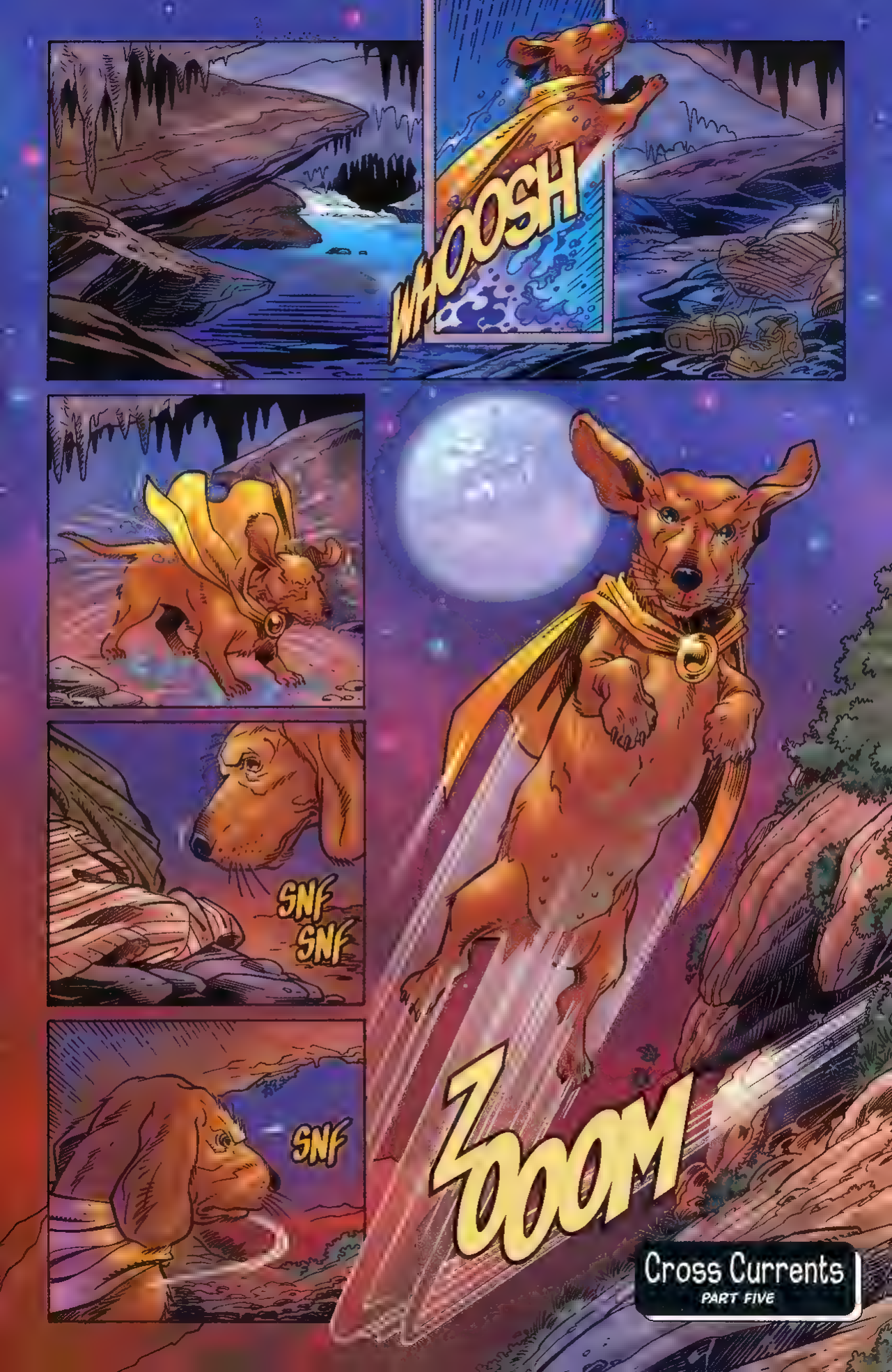
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RRAAHHR
CURSE YOU, GASH! YOU'VE SET A DEMONESS ON ME!
NO.. NO, I
SSSSS
HELP ME-
-SHE'LL KILL ME-
DO IT, FRIEND POPUP...
" .INCINERATE THE REBEL PRINCESS!"
THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE. ERADIKA HAS BECOME UNSTOPPABLE.
NOW ALL THAT REMAINS TO FULFILL THE PROPHECIES..
. IS THE DRAGON


I HOPE MY DAD ISN'T *FIRING* YOUR MOM AGAIN.
HE'S FIRED HER BEFORE?
MM-HM. BUT SHE REFUSED TO GO.
I'M GLAD, 'CAUSE SHE ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL A LITTLE BETTER.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU ANYWAY?
I'M NOT SURE. I GET CONFUSED.
I THINK...THERE'S SOMEONE MAKING ME SICK. SOMEONE WHO PRETENDS TO BE MY FRIEND.
BUT REALLY HE KEEPS *HURTING* ME.
AND FOR SOME REASON I KEEP LETTING HIM. I CAN'T *HELP* IT.
BUT...BUT THAT'S HORRIBLE! THAT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU.
I WON'T *LET* IT HAPPEN TO YOU.


...IT ACTUALLY MAKES *SENSE* TO ME THAT ARCHETYPE IS PART OF THE ALIEN CONSPIRACY...
MOST MAJOR WORLD FIGURES ARE. STARTING =MUNCH MUNCH= WITH THE *POPE*, WHO REALLY *WAS* ASSASSINATED IN 1981, AND REPLACED WITH AN ALIEN SHAPE-SHIFTER...
...*REAGAN* WAS REPLACED JUST BEFORE HIS SECOND TERM, WHICH IS WHY THE "STAR WARS" DEFENSE INITIATIVE REALLY TOOK OFF THEN. ONLY IT WAS DESIGNED TO BE USED =MUNCH MUNCH= *AGAINST* US, NOT *FOR* US...
. ONCE IT WAS IN PLACE, THE ALIEN REAGAN RETIRED, AND THE *REAL* ONE WAS PUT BACK IN PLACE. OF COURSE, HIS MIND HAD BEEN WIPED CLEAN BY THEN...
...THEY *SAY* IT'S ALZHEIMER'S BUT =MUNCH MUNCH= COME *ON*...
...HOW *GULLIBLE* DO THEY THINK WE ARE?
BARKETYPE?


..YOU FIND HER, BOY?...
BARKETYPE? CUBBY?...
THIS ISN'T RIGHT.
I KNOW I SAW HIM TRACK CRIS' SCENT DOWN HERE...
.BUT NOW IT'S LIKE HE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR.
WHERE THE HECK DID HE GO?
GLOOP


WHOOSH
SNF
SNF
SNF
ZOOOM
Cross Currents
PART FIVE


UCKS
M-7PM
WELCOME TO CROSSTOWN
DESTINATION ACHIEVED, SIR. BENEATH US LIES THE TERRAN ENCLAVE DENOMINATED CROSSTOWN.
EXCELLENT. BEGIN BIOSCANNING THE AREA FOR READINGS MATCHING THOSE OF ENVOY-PRIME P:PC.
SIR, WE ARE EXPERIENCING REPEATED INCURSIONS INTO THE WORDREALM BY ENVOY S[S].
STILL...? THAT CASTE-TRASH HAS GROWN TOO BOLD OF LATE. WHAT DOES HE WANT?
HE REQUESTS NEWS OF OUR ARRIVAL AND PROGRESS.
IGNORE HIM. ENVOY S[S] IS UTTERLY PERIPHERAL TO OUR EFFORTS.
...HELLO?... ANYBODY?...


HERE.
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?
IT'S... UM...JUST SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU BETTER.
I DON'T WANT IT I DON'T DO DRUGS
IT'S NOT DRUGS. LOOK, I SWEAR IT'LL HELP YOU.
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO INGEST IT, IF YOU DON'T WANT. JUST PUT A LITTLE BIT ON YOUR LIPS...
A-ALL RIGHT
...I'M ONLY DOING THIS 'CAUSE YOU'RE MRS. CROSSOVER'S SON, AND I TRUST HER...
HK HKKK

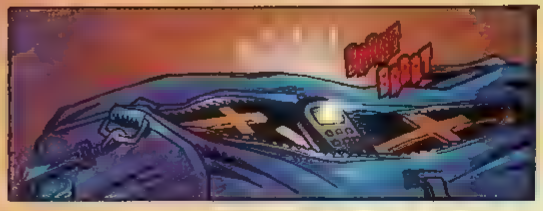

...WON'T ASK YOU AGAIN NOT TO WAVE YOUR FINGER AT ME, MRS. CROSSOVER.
WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE ME POKE YOU WITH IT?...


...IS THAT WHAT IT'S GONNA TAKE TO GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL THAT YOUR DAUGHTER'S IN DANGER AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP HER?
I BEG YOUR PARDON...


...WE PREFER TO MAINTAIN A DEGREE OF DECORUM IN THIS HOUSE.
A DEGREE?... YOU'RE DECORUM ADDICTS.


HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I ASKED YOU TO CALL ME CALISTA, AND STILL IT'S "MRS. CROSSOVER"?
YOU WORK FOR ME. FAMILIARITY HAS NO PLACE IN...
...OHH, YOU'VE GOTTEN ME OFF THE SUBJECT AGAIN.


IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING TO CHECK ON MY DAUGHTER.
A STRATEGIC RETREAT? FINE. RUN AWAY.


BRRRT
BRRRT


HELLO?
HONEY, IT'S ME. LISTEN, WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM...


...IT'S CRIS, SHE'S GONE MISSING AGAIN.
OH, NO. SHE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A WORSE TIME.
I KNOW. I KNOW. AND AFTER SHE PROMISED SHE WOULDN'T...LISTEN, CLIFF IS SAFE WITH YOU, ISN'T HE?
YES, YES. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
I'LL KEEP SEARCHING BUT IF YOU COULD-
MRS. CROSSOVER!
GOTTA GO!-CALL YOU BACK...
I'M HERE- WHAT IS IT?
LOOK... LOOK AT MY DAUGHTER!
HI, MRS. CROSSOVER.
I'M FEELING WAY BETTER.


...SO AFTER PRINCESS DIANA FOUND OUT ABOUT THE REST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY BEING ALIENS, THERE WAS NO WAY THEY COULD LET HER LIVE
=MUNCH=...
...THE QUESTION I'VE BEEN ASKING MYSELF IS, WHAT ABOUT THOSE TWO BOYS?...ARE THEY HUMAN, OR HUMAN-ALIEN HYBRIDS?
BASED ON OBSERVATION, I'D SAY PRINCE WILLIAM IS HUMAN, BUT HARRY'S A HYBRID.
THOUGH THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE STRATEGICALLY. YOU'D WANT THE HEIR TO HAVE ALIEN BLOOD, RIGHT? NOT THE NEXT IN LINE.
STILL, I GOTTA WONDER WHY THE ALIENS BOTHER WITH THE MONARCHY AT ALL. IT'S NOT AN INSTITUTION OF MUCH INFLUENCE ANYMORE.
NOT LIKE, SAY, THE ACADEMY AWARDS...
...WHICH HAS BEEN ALIEN-RUN FOR YEARS. HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN KATE WINSLET NOT WINNING FOR "TITANIC"?
HELEN HUNT EVEN LOOKS EXTRATERRESTRIAL...
MMMFFF NNGLF
THANK YOU, NUMBER FOUR.
MAINTAIN THAT HOLD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.


!!
ZOOM
AH
MY FAITH IN PROPHECY IS VINDICATED.
ENTER THE DRAGON.


CLAAANG
WH-WHAT IS YON FLYING FIEND?
WHHINNY
RETREAT- RETREAT!
AAIIIEEE
!!!
I CANNOT CONNECT- THEY MOVE ABOUT SO...
FAAASH
TAKE HEED- YOU'LL HIT THE IMPERATRIX!
GRRR
ZOOOM


HOLD YOUR FIRE WHILE I ENTER THE FRAY...
FAMP!
GASP GASP
NOW, YEOMAN PUPPET- MAKE ASHES OF ERADIKA!
FAAASH
AAAHHH
YOU'VE WOUNDED HER! GOOD FELLOW...
NOW DELAY NO FURTHER. FINISH HER OFF!
AS YOU WISH. PREPARE TO WITNESS THE EXECU-
GZZZT
EEEAARRGH!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?
WHAT HALTED YOU SO CLOSE TO CLAIMING YOUR VICTI-
OH
OH GODS


FLEE, MAJESTY- OUR CAUSE IS LOST!
THE BELLEKOSIN HAVE SET A BEAST FROM HELL ON US!
SSSSZT
SSSSZT
SSHOOOM
AIEEEE!
SZZZZZT
WHA...
'S GOING ON..
...CUBBY?!?

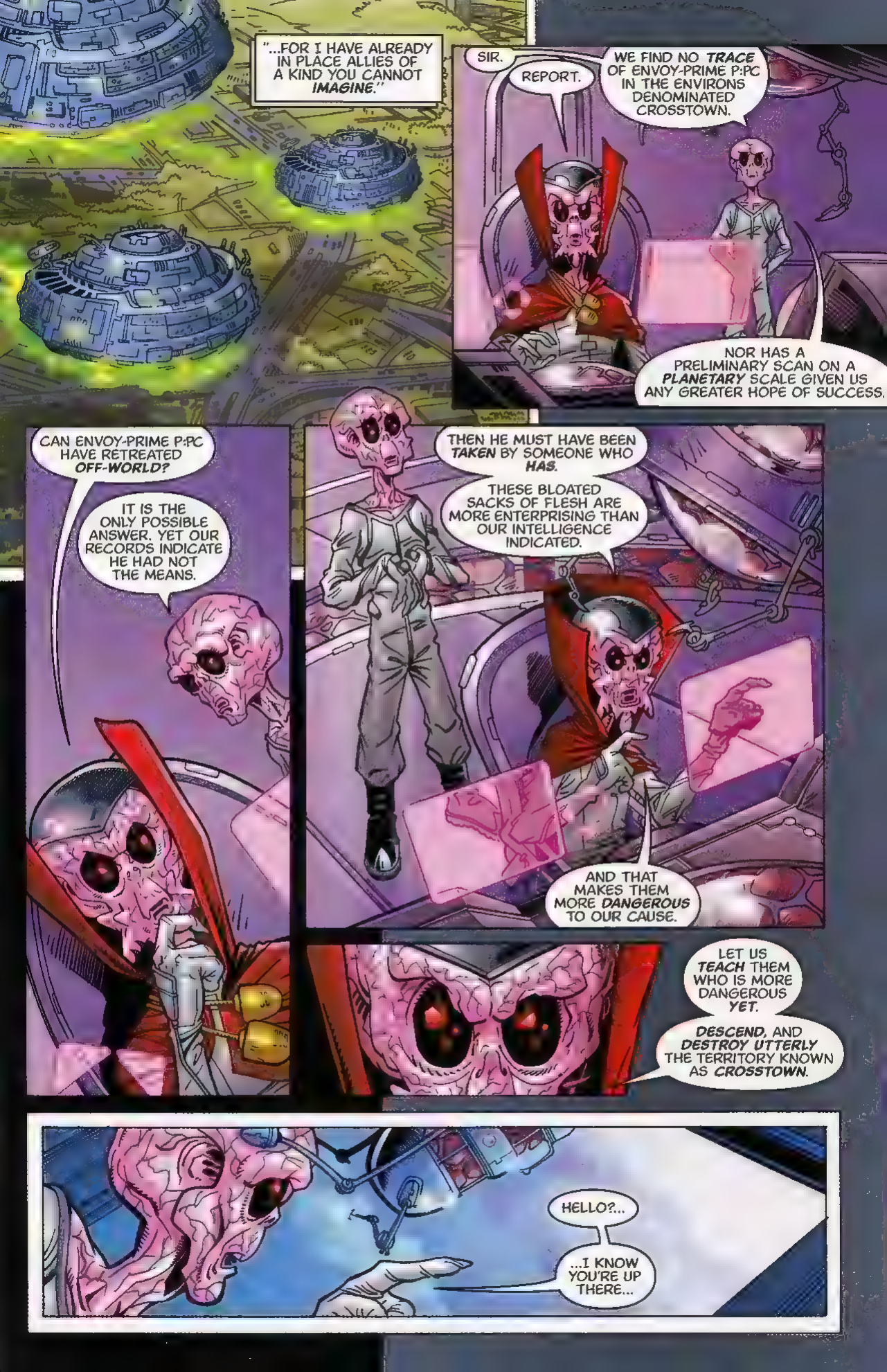

...WISH YOU'D STOP THANKING ME, MR. ENFIER. I CAN'T TAKE CREDIT FOR ANDATA'S RECOVERY.
LIKE I SAID, IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME
...I'VE NEVER SEEN SO SWIFT A RECUPERATION FROM VAMPIRIC INFECTION- WITH SO LITTLE APPARENT CAUSE. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
♪♫
BE THAT AS IT MAY, MY DAUGHTER'S RECOVERY OCCURRED WHILE SHE WAS UNDER YOUR CARE, AND IT IS TO YOU I MUST GIVE CREDIT.
WELL... THANKS, I GUESS.
I'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING TO CHECK ON HER PROGRESS. GOOD NIGHT, MR. ENFIER.
GOOD NIGHT..
..CALISTA.
WHAT A REMARKABLE WOMAN!...WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.
=UNNH= I WONDER IF OUR INSURANCE COVERS ATTACKS BY CYBORGS...
I AM NOT. GETTING IN. THAT THING.
YOU CAN CLIMB ABOARD WILLINGLY, OR BE PULLED IN BY THE EARS. YOUR CALL.


MRS. CROSSOVER JUST LEFT, MY DEAR...
...BUT SHE AGREED YOU MIGHT HAVE A LIGHT SNACK BEFORE RETIRING .
...ANDATA?
DAUGHTER?
I HAVE BUT TO CALL, AND, AS EVER, YOU COME TO ME, MY CHILD...
...TO GIVE ME THAT WHICH I BOTH REQUIRE AND DESIRE...
...YOUR VERY LIQUID OF LIFE.


:PHAUGH: WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?
HAHAHAHAHA!
YOUR BLOOD IS TURNED UNNATURAL... LIKE THAT OF THE CROSSOVER BRAT!
THIS IS HIS DOING...
"...HE AND HIS SHALL PAY FOR THWARTING ME!"
WHO?...OH, PROTOTYPE!...
...CRIS ISN'T ACCOUNTED FOR, BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO FIND HER THAT I HAVEN'T DONE.
GO HOME AND THANKS.
SORRY TO COMPROMISE YOUR ALTER EGO, CARTER, BUT I THOUGHT I'D CHECK WHETHER THERE'S ANYTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU.
THANKS, KENT. CALISTA JUST CALLED; SHE AND CLIFF ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME...
ANYTIME, BUDDY. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT CRIS..


"...IF SHE TAKES AFTER HER OLD MAN, SHE'LL BE *FINE*."
THE GREAT BATTLE IS *WON*, MILADY, THANKS TO YOUR TRANSFIGURATION AND YOUR DRAGON.
BUT I *DIDN'T* TRANSFIGURE. I'M THE SAME AS ALWAYS...
...AND CUBBY'S NOT A DRAGON, HE'S A *DACHSHUND*.
HE FLIES AND SPITS FIRE AND BROUGHT ROUT AND CALAMITY TO OUR FOE.
HE IS AS SURELY A DRAGON AS ANY I E'ER KNEW.
AND YOU DID *INDEED* TRANSFIGURE. YOU GREW PALE AND TERRIBLE, AND YOUR TEETH GREW LONG AS A VIPER'S...
MY TEETH?..
WHAT IS IT, MILADY?...
SOMETHING... REMEMBERING...
NO.
IT'S GONE.
HO! PRINCESS!


YAP YAP YAP YAP
IT'S OKAY, CUBBY. HE'S A FRIEND.
WHAT'S GOING ON, ARRAN?
WE HAVE TAKEN MOST OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD, BUT SOME OF THEIR NUMBER HAVE GOT AWAY...
...INCLUDING, MOST REGRETTABLY, THE IMPERATRIX HERSELF.
YET COMFORT YOURSELF THAT THIS TRAITOR DID NOT ESCAPE US.
GASH!?
JUST A BIT FURTHER, NOW
I SHALL FOLLOW AS LONG AS REQUIRED, YEOMAN POCKET.
HAVING LOST THIS WORLD, I AM EAGER TO REVENGE MYSELF ON THE WITCH ERADIKA BY LAYING WASTE TO THAT FROM WHICH SHE HERSELF HAILS.
AND SO YOU SHALL, IMPERATRIX, AND WITH GREATER EASE THAN YOU IMAGINE...


"...FOR I HAVE ALREADY IN PLACE ALLIES OF A KIND YOU CANNOT *IMAGINE*."
SIR.
REPORT.
WE FIND NO *TRACE* OF ENVOY-PRIME P:PC IN THE ENVIRONS DENOMINATED CROSSTOWN.
NOR HAS A PRELIMINARY SCAN ON A *PLANETARY* SCALE GIVEN US ANY GREATER HOPE OF SUCCESS.
CAN ENVOY-PRIME P:PC HAVE RETREATED *OFF-WORLD?*
IT IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER. YET OUR RECORDS INDICATE HE HAD NOT THE MEANS.
THEN HE MUST HAVE BEEN *TAKEN* BY SOMEONE WHO *HAS*.
THESE BLOATED SACKS OF FLESH ARE MORE ENTERPRISING THAN OUR INTELLIGENCE INDICATED.
AND THAT MAKES THEM MORE *DANGEROUS* TO OUR CAUSE.
LET US *TEACH* THEM WHO IS MORE DANGEROUS *YET*.
DESCEND, AND *DESTROY UTTERLY* THE TERRITORY KNOWN AS *CROSSTOWN*.
HELLO?...
...I KNOW YOU'RE UP THERE...


CURSED CLAN..
...CHECKING ME AT EVERY JUNCTURE... THE SHEER, GALLING EFFRONTERY...
HEMATA! PULMONA! AORTA!
TOO LONG HAVE I KEPT YOU HERE, WHILE I PURSUED A NEW WIFE TO ADD TO YOUR RANKS.
THAT WIFE HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME.
YES MY LORD?
NOW I UNLEASH YOU INTO THE NIGHT, TO BE MY INSTRUMENTS OF VENGEANCE...
...GO, AND DESTROY ALL BEINGS NAMED CROSSOVER!


THERE.
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM.
HARD WORK, BUT WORTH IT
FROM THIS *INTIMATE* PROXIMITY, ARCHETYPE WON'T HAVE *TIME* TO DETECT OUR APPROACH.
I THANK YOU FOR THE USE OF YOUR PROPERTY, MY FRIEND.
NEVER WAS A FOOL MORE *EAGER* TO BE ILL-USED.
NOW, *SET FORTH*, MY OBEDIENT ARMY!
WREAK *HAVOC* ON MY ENEMIES.
BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HIT THEM, THEY'LL BE DEAD!
CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE


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THE CROSSOVERS™

"IF CUBBY BE OUR ENEMY"

MOMO
ERNIE

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For THE READER

Date Time Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

☐ Telephoned ☐ Please Call

✓ ☐ Will call again

☐ URGENT

Mountebank, arch-foe of the super-hero Archetype, aka Carter Crossover, has launched a legion of lethal automatons at the Crossover house from their next-door neighbor's garage

Arcan Corpescu, the undead enemy of Carter's vampire-slayer wife, Calista, has dispatched his three bloodthirsty brides – Hemata, Pulmona, and Aorta – to slaughter the entire Crossover clan

Cris Crossover, secretly the other-dimensional warrior princess Eradika, has crushed the army of the evil Imperatrix Tyranna (with the help of the family dog, Cubby). Now Tyranna seeks vengeance by leading a squadron of barbarian soldiers through a portal that exits in the Crossovers' basement

The youngest Crossover, Cliff, is in league with a race of aliens, the Uii, who are planning a full-scale invasion of Earth. But with the alien envoy sent to Cliff now missing, Uii warships have descended on Crosstown, planning to blast the entire town into atoms

Cyborgs, vampires, barbarians, and aliens now converge on the unsuspecting Crossovers.

The Crossovers ™ vol issue 6 JULY 2003 FIRST PRINTING Published by Code 6 Comics LLC Office of publication 4023 Tampa Road Suite 2400 Oldsmar Florida 34677 **Code 6 Comics** ™ is a subsidiary of CrossGen Publishing LLC a subsidiary of CrossGen Entertainment Inc The **Code 6 Comics logo** ™ **Code 6 Comics** ™ and **Code 6**™ are Trademark and Copyright 2003 CrossGen Intellectual Property LLC **The Crossovers** ™ and all characters and images are Trademark and Copyright 2003 CrossGen Intellectual Property LLC and Robert Rodi ALL RIGHTS RESERVED The stories incidents and characters in this publication are fictional Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental With the exception of artwork used for review purposes none of the contents of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express written consent of Code 6 Comics. PRINTED IN CANADA.

YON POOL IS THE *PORTAL* TO ERADIKA'S OTHER REALM?

THEN LET US NOT TARRY, BUT SUBMERGE OURSELVES THEREIN, ARMS AT THE READY...

...AND HARRY DOWN ALL WHO BEAR THE NAME [redacted]*SOVER*...

. THEY'LL HAVE *NO TIME* TO PARRY OUR ATTACK...

. BEFORE WE *BLAST* THEM UNWARY INTO ATOMS!

Cross Currents
CONCLUSION

YOU ARE *NOT* PARKING THIS MONSTROSITY IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

FUNNY, I COULD'VE SWORN I *WAS*.

HAVE YOU NO SHAME? WHAT IF SOMEONE *SEES* US?

OH, STOP BEING SO MELODRAMATIC.

...THIS IS MY TRUSTY *EUGENIA*, AND I'M GOING TO BE DRIVING HER A LOT FROM NOW ON. GET USED TO IT.

NOT POSSIBLE.

JUST HAVE MY MEALS BROUGHT OUT HERE, PLEASE.

HELL'S BELLS. *YOU WIN*.

BUT IF *YOU'RE* THE ONE INSISTING I USE THAT FILTHY OLD GARAGE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE ONE WHO CLEANS IT.

MOOOM!

HIGHNESS, DID YOU NOT *HEAR* ME?. I BRING YOU THE TRAITOR *GASH*, WHO DID SELL HIS SERVICES TO OUR ENEMY, THE *IMPERATRIX*

NO., NO...

...IT'S NOT *TRUE* TELL THEM IT'S NOT TRUE, GASH.

JORAS WAS THE TRAITOR. YOU KILLED HIM *YOURSELF*.

MILADY, YOUR *DRAGON* SENSES WHAT YOU DO NOT.

ARRAN SPEAKS TRUE JORAS WAS BUT A *PAWN*...

GRRR

...WHEN GASH LEARNED THAT I HAD DIVINED *BETRAYAL* IN THE CAMP, HE BEWITCHED YOUNG JORAS INTO TREACHERY, THAT OUR EYES SHOULD BE DIVERTED FROM HIS *OWN* WICKEDNESS.

GASH. NO...

.. I ..I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK...DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO*...

YOU MUST DO YOUR *DUTY*, PRINCESS...

I MEAN... NOT NOW.

.. AND PRONOUNCE *DEATH* UPON THE TURNCOAT.

NO!!

MY. UH. .*DRAGON* IS SUMMONING ME BACK TO MY OTHER REALM.

"...I'LL DEAL WITH GASH WHEN I *RETURN*."

OH, GOD, CUBBY. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

I *CAN'T* HAVE HIM EXECUTED. I *LOVE* HIM

YET IF WHAT THEY SAY IS TRUE..

LOOK, BOY .ALL THESE NEW *FOOTPRINTS*.

YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?

GOD, I HOPE NO ONE'S DISCOVERED THE PORTAL.

THOUGH IF *YOU* FOUND IT...

SPEAKING OF WHICH, I DON'T KNOW *WHERE* YOU GOT THESE POWERS, BUT I ASSUME YOU'RE HIDING THEM FROM THE FAMILY FOR A REASON

TELL YOU WHAT· YOU KEEP *MY* SECRET, I'LL KEEP YOURS.

DEAL

JUST LET ME CHANGE CLOTHES AND WE CAN GO HOME ..

WE'RE BACK. ANY WORD FROM CRIS?

NONE SIT DOWN, I'VE WHIPPED US UP SOME JAMBALAYA.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL JUST GO STRAIGHT TO BED.

!!

'KAY, HONEY.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM. HE'S NEVER GONE ***WILLINGLY*** TO BED. AND AFTER THE ***INCIDENT*** TODAY...

...OH, GOSH, YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW YET.

HE WAS ***ATTACKED*** AT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

WHAT? IS HE ALL RIGHT?

SEEMS TO BE.. BUT..

WAIT A MINUTE.

. WHEN YOU CALLED ME AT ***ENFIER MANOR***, YOU ***KNEW*** THAT CLIFF WAS WITH ME

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE UNLESS YOU WERE SOMEHOW ***INVOL--***

HERE, TELL ME IF THERE'S ENOUGH GARLIC.

=KK=

WHAT A DANK, *FORBIDDING* PLACE THIS WORLD SEEMS! I THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ME HENCE, YEOMAN PIPSIT.

MY PLEASURE AND IT'S *P'PC.*

=PHAUGH!=

WE ARE NOW IN POSITION ABOVE THE *DOMICILE* TO WHICH ENVOY S S, WAS ASSIGNED. SHALL I ALERT HIM TO PREPARE FOR RETRIEVAL?

THIS IS A WARSHIP, NOT A *DIPLOMATIC* VESSEL. WE HAVE NEITHER THE ROOM NOR RESOURCES TO ACCOMODATE MINOR-CASTE PASSENGERS.

ENVOY S[S] WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR HIMSELF. *READY THE ION CANNON!*

PREPARE, MY SISTERS, TO EXECUTE OUR LORD'S VENGEANCE!

SO MUCH BLOOD TO SPILL! SO MUCH THIRST TO SLAKE!

WE WILL GORGE OURSELVES TONIGHT UPON A CRIMSON TIDE OF ***CROSSOVERS!***

RELEASE THE FOOL, NUMBER 4... I NO LONGER CARE WHETHER HE ***BRAYS*** AT ME OR NOT.

JOIN YOUR AUTOMATED ***COMRADES*** IN WREAKING CARNAGE UPON THE FAMILY OF MY GREATEST ***FOE!***

...LISTEN, GUYS, I'M HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THIS WHOLE BUS!...

?!

HEY WHERE'S PORKUP?

THE ENVOY PRIME HAS *DISAPPEARED*. YET I FEAR WE HAVE AN EVEN MORE IMMEDIATE PREDICAMENT.

WH-WHAT ARE *THOSE?*

I WAS HOPING *YOU* COULD SAY. THEY SOMEWHAT RESEMBLE THE CONSTRUCT P-PC AND I ENCOUNTERED AT YOUR *BUS STOP* TWO DAYS PAST.

. THAT YOU *WHAT?* . *WHERE...?*

I--I THINK I BETTER TELL MY DAD ABOUT THIS..

OH, LOOK! NOW THERE APPEAR TO BE *SAVAGES* EMERGING FROM YOUR CELLAR. .

IS IT SAFE TO ASCEND?

I CANNOT SAY, IMPERATRIX. A PHALANX OF *ARMORED CREATURES* SEEMS TO BE DRAWING HITHER.

STAND NOT TO DETERMINE WHETHER THEY BE FRIEND OR FOE

DISPATCH THEM.

HELL'S BELLS, HONEY... HOW MANY CHILI PEPPERS DID YOU PUT IN THERE?

YOU MUST HAVE A CAST IRON STOMACH. .

DAD!...

.. SOMETHING WEIRD'S GOING ON OVER AT MR NOIA'S.

WEIRD? IN WHAT WAY?

THESE BIG THINGS...LIKE MONSTERS...IN HIS GARAGE...

MONSTERS. IN MR. NOIA'S GARAGE...

LISTEN, TIGER IT'S LATE AND YOU'VE HAD AN UPSETTING DAY..

...I THINK THAT WILD IMAGINATION OF YOURS MIGHT JUST BE KICKING IN AGAIN, DON'T YOU?

HE'S VERY JUMPY. HE CALLED EUGENIA A MONSTER, TOO.

I SAID MONSTROSITY. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

OMIGOD OMIGOD OMIGOD...

...8. 8. 2

NO, WAIT, 4! ACK. WHY DIDN'T I JUST *PROGRAM* IT IN

AGENT BRONSKI! IT'S PERRY NOIA.

DON'T HANG UP! DON'T HANG UP!

LOOK, THIS IS MORE *SERIOUS* THAN I THOUGHT! NOT ONLY IS MY NEIGHBOR'S *KID* AN ALIEN SLEEPER AGENT, BUT HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH A *SHAPE-CHANGER* WHO'S POSING AS *ARCHETYPE!*

OF COURSE, THAT'S PRESUMING THERE EVER WAS A *REAL* ARCHETYPE... HE COULD'VE BEEN A SHAPE-SHIFTER ALL *ALONG*...

BUT ANYWAY, NOW ARCHETYPE'S ENEMY *MOUNTEBANK* HAS UNLEASHED A WHOLE SQUAD OF ROBOTS TO GO AFT--

AAAIIEE!

AGENT BRONSKI, AGENT BRONSKI! IT GETS WORSE! THEY'VE GOT *VAMPIRES* ON THEIR SIDE! I JUST SAW *THREE* OF 'EM, AND THEY RE..

AGENT [redacted]? HELLO? *HELLO?*

PTOO-

THANKS, BOY.

I NEED A LITTLE TIME TO *DRY OUT*, BUT IF YOU WANT TO GO ON UPSTAI--

OH!

THANKS. THAT REALLY HELPS.

UH-OH. WHAT HAPPENED HERE? AND WHO OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR?

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.

WE'D BETTER GET UPSTAIRS. I HEAR YELLING.

DON'T FORGET TO DITCH THE CAPE.

SLAUGHTER THEM! CUT THEM TO RIBBONS!

MAJESTY, THEY DO NOT *GIVE* BENEATH OUR BLADES!

THEY ARE NOT *IN* ARMOR THEY ARE *OF* ARMOR!

SIR!... SIR!

OH, SIR, I *THOUGHT* I SAW YOU AMONG THE SAVAGES!

I'VE BEEN SO *WORRIED* ABOUT YOU...

CONTROL YOUR EMOTIONS, S[S]

YOU BETRAY YOUR CASTE

ION CANNONS *READY*, SIR.

MM. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS GOING *ON* DOWN THERE?

IT APPEARS TO BE SOME KIND OF SKIRMISH AMONG THE NATIVES, SIR.

INDEED. WELL, LET'S END IT FOR THEM, SHALL WE?

FIRE WHEN READY.

ARE THESE *CROSSOVERS?..*

I DON'T CARE I *HUNGER!*

EEEYAAAGH!

=SSSPIT=

THEIR BLOOD IS *UNFIT!*.. WE MUST SEARCH *ON!*

...NO, I *WON'T* SAY I'M SORRY! YOU'RE BOTH *ACTING* LIKE IDIOTS, WHY CAN'T I *SAY* SO?

HOW ABOUT, *"WE'RE YOUR PARENTS"*? HM?.. *THAT* LITTLE FACT SLIP YOUR MIND?

LOOK, IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, WE'RE OVERTIRED, WE'VE HAD A *HELLISH* DAY, AND WE'RE STILL WORRIED SICK ABOUT CRIS.

LET'S JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH, AND--

CUBBY!

YOU *FIND* HER, BOY? YOU FIND *CRIS* FOR ME?

HE FOUND ME. SORRY, DAD.

YOU'RE AWFULLY FREE WITH YOUR *APOLOGIES*, YOUNG LADY, BUT THAT WON'T CUT IT *THIS* TI--

AGH!

WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING. I HURT MY SHOULDER.

WHERE? DOING WHAT?... LET ME SEE.

MOOOM..

[redacted] *BELLS!* HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

IT'S NOTHING.

DON'T TELL ME IT'S NOTHING, I'M YOUR *MOTHER*...

IF I MIGHT JUST INTERRUPT FOR *ONE* MOMENT...

..CAN WE GET BACK TO MY ATTEMPTS TO GET YOU *IDIOTS* TO REALIZE SOMETHING'S GOING *ON* OUTSIDE?

CLIFF!

?

WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?

DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT. ANSWER YOUR MOTHER.

I *TOLD* YOU, IT'S *NOTHING*.

IT COULD GET *INFECTED*.

HAS EVERYONE GONE *MAD*? WHY WON'T YOU *LISTEN* TO ME?

!!

THUNK

AIEEEE!

FAAASH

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

SIR, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO *SAFETY*...

DON'T BE ABSURD. CAN'T YOU SEE OUR *WARSHIPS* OVERHEAD? WE'RE IN *CONTROL* HERE.

EDEN

W-WITH *RESPECT*, SIR .. IT DOESN'T *LOOK* THAT WAY

IMPERATRIX, I ASSURE YOU MY ALLIES *ABOVE* ARE...

...WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU HEADED?

FOR *COVER*, YEOMAN POPROCK...

...THIS WORLD YOU'VE LED ME TO IS AN *INFERNO!*

WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT DIDN'T I *FORESEE?*

I'M A *GENIUS!* THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO *WORK!*

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ANYTHING.

YES, YOU *DO*. YOU'RE ONLY FIFTEEN.

I CAN EASILY GROUND YOU FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL YEARS.

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

THOUGH HOW TO GROUND SOMEONE WHO ONLY EVER WANTS TO GO TO THE *BASEMENT* IS A PROBLEM, I ADMIT.

IDIOTS. I LIVE WITH *IDIOTS*.

CLIFF, I'VE *WARNED* YOU ABOUT THAT WORD...

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

I CALL IT AS I *SEE* IT. DO YOUR WORST.

I ASSURE YOU, MY WORST IS *CONSIDERABLE*

CLIFF, DON'T *PROVOKE* YOUR FATHER.

WE ALL KNOW YOU DO IT DELIBERATELY

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

YES, HE'S THE AXIS OF MY *EXISTENCE*. I *LIVE* TO ANNOY HIM

AND CUT THE SARCASM, IT'S JUVENILE.

WELL, I *AM* A JUVENILE. OR DID THEY LOWER THE VOTING AGE TO 10?

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. I'M GOING TO BED.

JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG LADY. NO ONE EXCUSED YOU.

THERE *IS* NO EXCUSE FOR HER.

CLIFF!

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ANY FLAK FROM *BABY BRAINIAC*. I CAN LAY HIM FLAT IN A *HEARTBEAT*.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, *STOP* IT.

WHAT THE *HECK'S* WITH THE *DOG*?

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

CUBBY! QUIET DOWN, BOY, YOU'LL WAKE HALF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. .

YAP YAP

YAP YAP

..UM DAD?

THEY'RE PROBABLY AWAKE ALREADY.

GRRRRR

CURSE THEM! IF I HADN T MOVED YOU! OUT OF THE WAY

OH SIR THEY DON'T CARE, THEY DON T CARE.

DAMAGE APPEARS EXTENSIVE THE REST OF THE FLEET HAS BEEN DECIMATED. AND CAPTAIN O'Q MUST BE PRESUMED DECEASED.

A STRATEGIC RETREAT WOULD SEEM IN ORDER

SSSZIP

SHRIIEEEEEEK

XXCLSXX SSSSPLKXX

IRON DEMON! WE TWO ARE THE *LAST* TO STAND THIS NIGHT, AND THIS I SWEAR· ONLY *ONE* OF US SHALL--

--SHALL.. UH

OH HORSEDUNG

WHUMP

NOW I WISH I D *LET* YOU PARK YOUR DUMB CAR OUT FRONT.

QUIET

LOOKS LIKE THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED.

YOU GUYS GO ON TO BED. I'LL TELL THEM WHAT WE KNOW.

BUT, HONEY...

.. WHAT *DO* WE KNOW?

... THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION.

I...SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO HAVE SOME KIND OF FAMILY MEETING...

. BUT NOT NOW.

NO, NOT NOW

LOVE YOU GUYS.

LOVE YOU TOO, DAD.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S NOT GET *MAUDLIN*.

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. GUARD THE DOOR, BOY

EVENING, OFFICERS.

DARNEDEST THING JUST HAPPENED HERE BUT IT APPEARS TO BE...

ALL OVER

=SIGH=

THE END

SEE YOU!

CODE 0 CLEAR-5

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"Wacky... a genre-clashing comic book family" — Cinescape

THE CROSSOVERS

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ROBERT RODI JOE STATON ERNIE COLÓN MARK McNABB

BIOTIX, INC.
BIOTECH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date Time Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

- ☐ Telephoned
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- ✓ Last issue
- ☐ Please Ca l
- ☐ Wi ca l again
- ☐ URGENT

Meet the Crossovers: Carter, a biotech executive, his wife Calista, a home hospice worker, and their children Cris, 15, and Cliff, 10.

They're a typical 21st century family, except that each is unaware that the others have secret lives. Carter as the super-hero Archetype, Calista as a 4th-generation vampire slayer, Cris as the warrior princess Eradika, and Cliff as an alien collaborator.

In the wake of the family's combined foes massing on their doorstep (and engaging in complete mutual destruction), some of those secrets are about to be revealed.

Meanwhile, Cris is bereft over the betrayal of her cherished lieutenant, Gash, Cliff's alien allies, P pC and S[s], have been left for dead by their home planet, two of the chief villains - Archetype's arch-enemy, Mountebank, and Eradika's adversary, Tyranna - are unaccounted for, and somewhere dark and dank, Calista's enemy Baron Corpescu awaits the day of his undead revenge

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GUARDIANS OF THE MYSTERIES.. VIGILANTS OF ELEUSIS.

.. ETERNAL ADJUDICATORS OF UNWORTHY SUPPLICANTS...

...GRANT DIVINE INTERCESSION TO ONE WHO REMAINS FAITHFUL IN THIS DARKER AGE...

OTTO MERRIMAN, CLASSICS DEPT.

...ALLOW MY INVENTED INCANTATIONS THE FORCE AND URGENCY OF THOSE LOST TO TIME .

.. LEND ME SUCCOR IN MY MISERY. .PROFFER ME COMFORT IN MY LONELINESS.

...EROS... EROS. .

HOOSH

I...I *DID* IT! I REALLY *SUMMONED* YOU!

OH, EROS, YOU'VE GOT TO *HELP* ME...

I'M 44 YEARS OLD, AND I'VE NEVER *YET* KNOWN THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN! I BESEECH YOU TO G. UH.. GIVE ME...

...UM... 'SCUSE ME.

YOU'RE *NOT* EROS, GOD OF LOVE, ARE YOU?

HM?

OH, NO. OF COURSE I'M NOT

POOR LITTLE MAN. YOUR *RITE* WORKED WELL ENOUGH, BUT YOU'VE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT *PRONUNCIATION*.

YOU'VE CALLED FORTH NOT *EROS*, BUT *ERIS*.

...AND THE GODDESS OF *DISCORD* GIVES YOU *THANKS* FOR RETURNING HER TO THE WORLD!

CROSS YOUR HEARTS

PART ONE

I ALWAYS HOPED I'D SEE THIS DAY...

BIOTIX INC.

...JUAN CABALLE' *RELEASED* FROM CRYOGENIC CUSTODY AND FREE TO RETURN TO HIS PRIVATE LIFE!

THANKS, ARCHETYPE.

...BUT I'M *NOT* JUAN CABALLE' ANYMORE. I'M STILL *GARGANTUJUAN*.

BIOTIX MAY HAVE FOUND A WAY TO BRING DOWN MY BODY TEMPERATURE AND END THE *AGONIES* THAT DROVE ME TO VIOLENCE..

...BUT MY BODY *ITSELF* IS STILL THAT OF A MONSTER. THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME IN THE WORLD.

NONSENSE, YOUNGSTER...

...A MAN WHO HAS HIS *WITS* AND HIS *REASON* IS TRULY A MAN IN FULL. AND YOU'VE HAD THOSE RESTORED TO YOU.

I KNOW WE'VE ONLY TANGLED *ONCE*..

...BUT I'M A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, AND I KNOW YOU'LL MAKE THE BEST, IF NOT *BETTER*, OF YOUR LOT IN LIFE.

THANK YOU FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT, SIR..

...YOU WERE A BIG HERO OF MINE, WHEN I WAS A KID.

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT NEEDED ANYMORE, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

...I'VE GOT A *DATE*.

?? A *DATE*? BUT...WASN'T ARCHETYPE *MARRIED*?

HE STILL IS, SON.

"...HE MOST SURELY STILL *IS*."

THANK YOU FOR COMING TO *SEE* ME, DAUGHTER ..

DON'T BE SILLY, PAPA. I VISIT YOU *EVERY* SATURDAY.

-RRAAAWK- ONLY ONCE A WEEK! UNGRATEFUL CHILD! -RRAWWK-

I WISH YOU'D AT LEAST *CONSIDER* TAKING AN APARTMENT AT THE SUNDOWN CENTER

THEY'D LOOK AFTER YOU...*CLEAN* FOR YOU...

NO!..

I COULD COME MORE OFTEN IF YOU LIVED CLOSER TO TOWN

BARABBAS SALT WILL NOT END HIS DAYS IN AN *OLD FOLKS'* HOME

IT'S AN *ASSISTED-LIVING COMMUNITY*, PAPA. AND YOU'VE YET TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE SO DEAD-SET AGAINST IT

I HAVE MY REASONS. ONE IN PARTICULAR.

I WILL SAY NO MORE

-RRAAAWK- *SECRETS!* TOO TERRIBLE TO TELL. MORE TERRIBLE TO KEEP!

RRAAWWK-

QUIET, YOU INDIGO INGRATE, OR I'LL PLUCK YOU LIKE A CORNISH HEN!

HMP. ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THE SUNDOWN CENTER

...THEY'D MAKE YOU GET RID OF *THAT* VILE CREATURE.

I'M *ALREADY* GETTING RID OF HER...

.. I FIND, ALAS, I CAN NO LONGER CARE FOR HER PROPERLY.

WELL, THANK GOD FOR IT. WHAT IDIOT AGREED TO TAKE HER OFF YOUR HANDS?

OH, NO.

YOU *HAVE* TO. ANNOYING AS SHE IS, IT BREAKS MY HEART TO PART WITH HER .

. MY ONLY CONSOLATION WOULD BE KNOWING MY CASSANDRA WAS STILL IN THE *FAMILY*.

BUT I'VE LOATHED HER SINCE I WAS SIX!

=RRRRK=

ALL THE MORE REASON SHE SHOULD BE WITH YOU. YOU SHARE A *HISTORY*.

YOU OWE ME THIS, LITTLE GIRL. I'M YOUR FATHER...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL *TRY* HER FOR A WEEKEND. .

. BUT I MAKE NO PROMISES BEYOND THAT.

STAY SAFE, PAPA LOVE YOU.

IS SHE GONE?

JUST LEAVING.

I LONG TO SEE HER.

YOU NEVER WILL.

SHRIIIEK

ARRAN!...

...WHAT A TIME YOU CHOOSE TO MAKE *SPORT!*

THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE. AN ENTIRE *KINGDOM* TO REORDER...

...AND THE VOICE OF *ARRAN OF AR'DOR* IS MUCH NEEDED.

HAS ERADIKA RETURNED, THEN?

NOT YET, ALAS.

THEN NO MAN'S VOICE IS WORTH THE WIND.

FOR 'TIS *SHE* WHO WILL BE GIVEN THE CROWN, AND ALL MATTERS WILL FALL TO *HER* TO DECIDE.

AND... AND YOU WOULD NOT HAVE IT SO, MY LORD?

WHAT..?

YOU DO NOT, PERHAPS, THINK THE THRONE BETTER SUITED TO BEAR YOUR *OWN* WEIGHT.

I'LL *KILL* THE MAN WHO SAYS SO!

HAVE A CARE, MY LORD. I AM NOT SO EASILY DISPATCHED AS THAT...

.. AS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW.

FORGIVE ME, WIZARD. YOUR WORDS STRUCK ME TRUER THAN I COULD ENDURE.

LOYAL AS I AM TO ERADIKA, I DO FIND MYSELF LACKING ALL ZEAL WHEN SHE HERSELF IS NOT HERE TO *DIRECT* ME.

IN THAT, *ALONE*, I CONFESS MYSELF, INDEED, A TRAITOR TO HER.

NO. NOT A TRAITOR, I THINK ..

.. SO MUCH AS A *LOVER BEREFT*

'TIS TRUE...I DO LOVE HER...

THEN GIRD YOUR LOINS, MY LORD, AND RALLY YOURSELF TO HER SERVICE

FOR WHILE *YOU* HAVE NO DESIRE FOR HER THRONE, OTHERS *MAY* ..

"...AND THEY WILL GROW BOLDER IN THEIR AMBITIONS EACH DAY ERADIKA REMAINS *APART* FROM US."

...GASH ..

.. OHHH, GASH

=RRAWWWK= MURDER! MURDER! BLOODSHED AND ABOMINATION! =RRAWWK=

??

EVIL IS ASCENDANT! BLOODLUST AND SAVAGERY! HELLLP! =RAAWWK=

HELL'S BELLS.

CRIS! CLIFF! I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE!

NEVER MIND DO IT ALL MYSELF AS USUAL

DEMONESS UNDEAD! =RAAWK= UNHOLY BRIDE OF [illegible]!--

HEY!

=RRRAAAWWWK=

NO *AMPIRE-VAY ALK-TAY*

NOT IN THIS HOUSE *EVER*. YOU GOT IT?

=RRK= UNDERSTOOD, O MOST LETHAL OF TWO LEGS.

NOW SIT HERE AND *SHUT UP*

=ULP=

AND MAKING FACES BEHIND MY BACK WON'T HELP.

?

!!!

PERFECTION! ADORATION! =RAAWK= LOVE'S SUMMIT REACHED AT LONG, LONG LAST! OH, SINGULAR DAY..

=SIGH=

FEELING ANY BETTER, HON?

LITTLE BIT.

AHHH SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE! =RAAWK= BEHOLD, YE CYNICS, ALL JOURNEYS END! OH, AMORE, AMORE, AMOOOORRRE..

REMEMBER YOU'VE GOT YOUR NEW GEOMETRY TUTOR THIS AFTERNOON.

HIDE NOT FROM MY FOND EMBRACE! =RAAWWK= LET ALL THAT WE ARE, COMMINGLE AS ONE.

I KNOW. WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

GRAMPA'S BIRD. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER

KNOCK KNOCK

YEAH?

'S'ME, SWEETIE... WHY'S THE DOOR LOCKED?

I'M DRESSING FOR THE PICNIC.

ALREADY?... WE DON T HAVE TO LEAVE FOR QUITE A WHILE YET.

I KNOW.

MANLY MUSK

LISTEN, YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO COME WITH ME. FEEL FREE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND...

NO THANKS.

WELL, I'D UNDERSTAND IF YOU DID. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE EXPECTING...

...BUT IT'S JUST GOING TO BE A BUNCH OF US *OLD* PEOPLE.

AND *ANDATA.*

YOU SAID ANDATA WAS COMING.

YES, OF COURSE. SHE'S THE REASON WE'RE *DOING* IT

THOUGH I WOULDN'T COUNT ON *HER* TO ENTERTAIN YOU...

...SHE'S STILL CONVALESCENT. AND EVEN IF SHE WEREN'T, SHE'S A TEENAGE GIRL.

AND YOUR POINT IS. ?

OOOKAY. HAVE IT YOUR WAY I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR OR SO...

BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT A *HOT DATE* WITH YOUR *FATHER*

GROSS.

YOU MEAN TO *LEAVE* US, CLIFFORD CROSSOVER?...WITH THE ENVOY PRIME IN SUCH PERILOUS CONDITION?

THERE'S NOTHING *I* CAN DO FOR HIM.

HOW IS HE, ANYWAY?

STILL LARGELY UNRESPONSIVE IF ONLY I KNEW THE EXTENT OF HIS *INJURIES.*

HAVEN'T YOU EXAMINED HIM?

CERTAINLY NOT! THAT WOULD BE BOTH A *GROSS* VIOLATION OF CASTE PRIVILEGE *AND* A TRANSGRESSION OF ADMIRALTY PROTOCOL.

I WAS REALLY HOPING FOR MORE AID FROM *YOU.*

LIKE WHAT? I DON'T HAVE A *CLUE* HOW TO HELP

BESIDES, I'M ..UH WORKING ON THE *BIGGER* PICTURE HERE. THE GIRL I'M MEETING IS A RECRUIT TO OUR CAUSE.

A *POX* ON OUR *"CAUSE"!* I HOPE THE ENTIRE INVASION FLEET *ROTS* AND FALLS APAR--

HEHE SORRY. I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE EXCITABLE.

IT'S A CASTE THING

ALL RIGHT, CARTER.

YOU INSISTED ON MEETING HERE IN *CROSSTOWN FOREST*

SO WHERE *ARE* YOU..?

??

OH, *EXCUSE* ME, I.

I'M MEETING SOMEONE HERE, AND I..

UH.

...CARTER?!?

SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY.

I KNOW IT'S INEXCUSABLE...BUT I FELT BOUND BY MY CONTRACT WITH BIOTIX TO KEEP MY TRANSFORMATION SECRET. EVEN FROM *YOU.*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE...

...I KNOW WHAT A BOY SCOUT YOU ARE A CONTRACT IS LIKE *HOLY WRIT* TO YOU

I JUST CAN'T GET OVER MY OWN GULLIBILITY. I MEAN, I ACTUALLY *BOUGHT* YOUR STORY ABOUT BULKING UP WITH *PROTEIN SUPPLEMENTS!*

LISTEN, HON...THE REASON I'VE DECIDED TO COME CLEAN NOW...

...WELL, IT'S NOT HAPPY NEWS. WHAT I'VE ALWAYS *FEARED*, IN FACT ONE OF MY ENEMIES FOUND OUT WHO I AM.

...AND HE'S VOWED REVENGE ON MY *FAMILY.*

OH.

HE WAS BEHIND THE ATTACK ON YOU LAST WEEK. AND AT LEAST PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT CHAOS ON THE FRONT LAWN

SO I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP PROTECTING THE KIDS...

. THAT IS, IF YOU CAN *FORGIVE* ME FOR HAVING GOT US INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

OF COURSE...AS IT HAPPENS, I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU. .

.. I MEAN. I HAD THE S-SAME.

. OHHH, HELL'S BELLS.

I KNOW, BABE. IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH, BUT WE'LL GET THROUGH IT.

NOW THAT THERE ARE NO MORE *SECRETS* BETWEEN US...

. *NOTHING* CAN TAKE US DOWN

MARS FACE COVERUP

SIGHTINGS 'N PINE BUSH

BEARS W TH TH IMBS?

drawing some conclusions about the suspects or the neighbors. a few days ago, aliens definitely in league with vampires but *why* is the question. also real vampires (undead) or products of diabolical genetic engineering? aliens also appear to have recruited fighters proficient with ancient weapons (e.g. swords and crossbows) though again *why*. been investigating local renaissance faire for possible leads.

tak tak tak tak

other big questions: what caused recruits to mutiny. what happened to [illegible] archetype during the crisis. did he change shape again and if so to what. even more urgently where is archetype *now* and is he still part of invasion conspiracy or did he mutiny too.

tak tak tak

at least i don't have to worry about mountebank anymore. guess i scared him off. but good. that's one smart villain who's going to think twice about tangling with perry mail!

tak tak

ConspiraCelia: gosh perry what an ordeal! so i'm so glad yr all right also glad yr not under spell of the undead fight! if only people knew about the real heroes protecting us all!

someday, i'd love to meet you! thank you in person! til then pls let me know if there's anything i can do to help you in yr struggle for the truth! x o

SIGH

LOUSY MICE

THUD THUD THUD

THUD THUD

LIBERATE ROSWEL

CLOSE BUT NO CIGAR

OH, *LEAVE OFF*, YOU BRAIN-DAMAGED BEHEMOTH YOU'LL BRING THE ENTIRE HOUSE DOWN ON TOP OF ME.

NOW. I *KNOW* SOMEONE'S DOWN HERE. IF THAT IMBECILE UPSTAIRS COULD HEAR YOU, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE I DIDN'T

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THIS IS *MY* PARTICULAR BOLT-HOLE, AND UNTIL I CAN EFFECT SAFE PASSAGE TO ONE OF MY LABORATORIES, I INTEND TO REMAIN HERE IN SECURITY AND IN *SOLITUDE*.

AH

HELPER, WOULD YOU DO THE HONORS?

THERE YOU ARE.

YOU MAY AS WELL COME OUT I CAN SEE YOU PLAIN.

DIIIE!

AARGH! YOU MONSTER! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!...

THERE! ANOTHER LOVING COUPLE, BROUGHT TO STRIFE.

LET'S SEE WHAT *OTHER* TURMOIL I CAN PROVOKE TODAY.

HM. THEY SAY LOVE IS BLIND, DON'T THEY?

LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE REMOVE THE *CATARACTS*.

GEE, I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH *HAIR* YOU'VE LOST. IT REALLY MAKES YOUR EARS STICK OUT.

WOW. YOU MUST BE TWENTY POUNDS HEAVIER THAN WHEN WE FIRST MET

ACK! THAT'S *COLD*--

NOT AS COLD AS *YOU*, CHROME-DOME!

OFFICER, *HELP*..

...I'M BEING ATTACKED BY A WOMAN WITH HER OWN *ZIP CODE!*

WHAT FUN! I HAVEN'T ENJOYED MYSELF THIS MUCH IN *MILLENNIA*.

YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SON?

I'M SURE. THANKS FOR ESCORTING ME HOME, PROTOTYPE.

BUT YOU'RE **NOT** QUITE HOME YET, ARE YOU?

YOUR OLD APARTMENT'S STILL SEVERAL BLOCKS UPTOWN

TRUE I'D JUST LIKE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY MYSELF

THE SOONER I GET USED TO BEING AMONG ORDINARY PEOPLE, THE BETTER.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, LAD!...

WHAT THE..

SIGH

..YOU NEED ANY HELP IN THE MEANTIME, JUST CALL ON ARCHETYPE OR ME

WILL DO, SIR THANKS.

...LORETTA?

WAYNE? I'M HOME!

IN THE KITCHEN.

MMM, WHAT SMELLS SO FINE?

PORK TENDERLOIN WITH PISTACHIO-POMEGRANATE SAUCE.

HOW'S CARTER?

STILL A LITTLE ON EDGE. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE FAMILY'S SAFE FOR THE MOMENT.

LEAVE OFF THE NUTS. I NEED THEM

JUST A HANDFUL.

YOU'RE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME IN COSTUME LATELY

MAYBE I SHOULD COME OUT OF RETIREMENT, AS WELL. WE COULD GO CRUSADING AGAIN, AS *PROTOTYPE* AND *BLACK VELVET*

NOT A GOOD IDEA

I MEAN, I'M INVULNERABLE BUT AT YOUR AGE, YOU COULD BREAK A HIP

HEH

DING DONG

=SIGH=

DING DONG

COMING, COMING...

AND HOW TO EXTOL YOUR LOVELY *FUR!* =RRAWK= THAT'S FUR AS FINE AS *FEATHERS*, I'D VENTURE! OH TO RUN MY *BEAK* THROUGH ITS SILKY RICHNESS..

YES?...

AFTERNOON. I'M *AIDEN LIMPITT.*

I'M, LIKE, THE GEOMETRY TUTOR FOR CRISTINA CROSSOVER.

YOU HER?

.Y'KNOW, I REALLY *OUGHT* TO BE ANGRY WITH YOU. UNDERGOING AN EXPERIMENTAL PROCEDURE LIKE THAT! YOU COULD'VE *DIED*.

ACTUALLY, IT WAS FAIRLY SAFE...

...THEY'D ALREADY TESTED IT ON SOMEBODY ELSE, WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS.

OH, REALLY? ANYONE I KNOW?

WELL, WHAT HAVE WE *HERE*?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, *YES*.

OH, THAT'S RIGHT... *PROTOTYPE*.

WHAT A CHARMING YOUNG COUPLE! AND SO *CONTENT* WITH EACH OTHER!

ACTUALLY, IT *WASN'T* PROTOTYPE. NOT EVEN CLOSE

I WONDER HOW CONTENT THEY'D BE IF...SAY...HE COULD HEAR HER *PRIVATE THOUGHTS*.

*GOOD, HE'S SMILING. I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM BEING **SUSPICIOUS**.*

WHAT?

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

I THOUGHT I HEARD...

WHOOPS, BETTER PAY ATTENTION! IF I'M NOT CAREFUL...

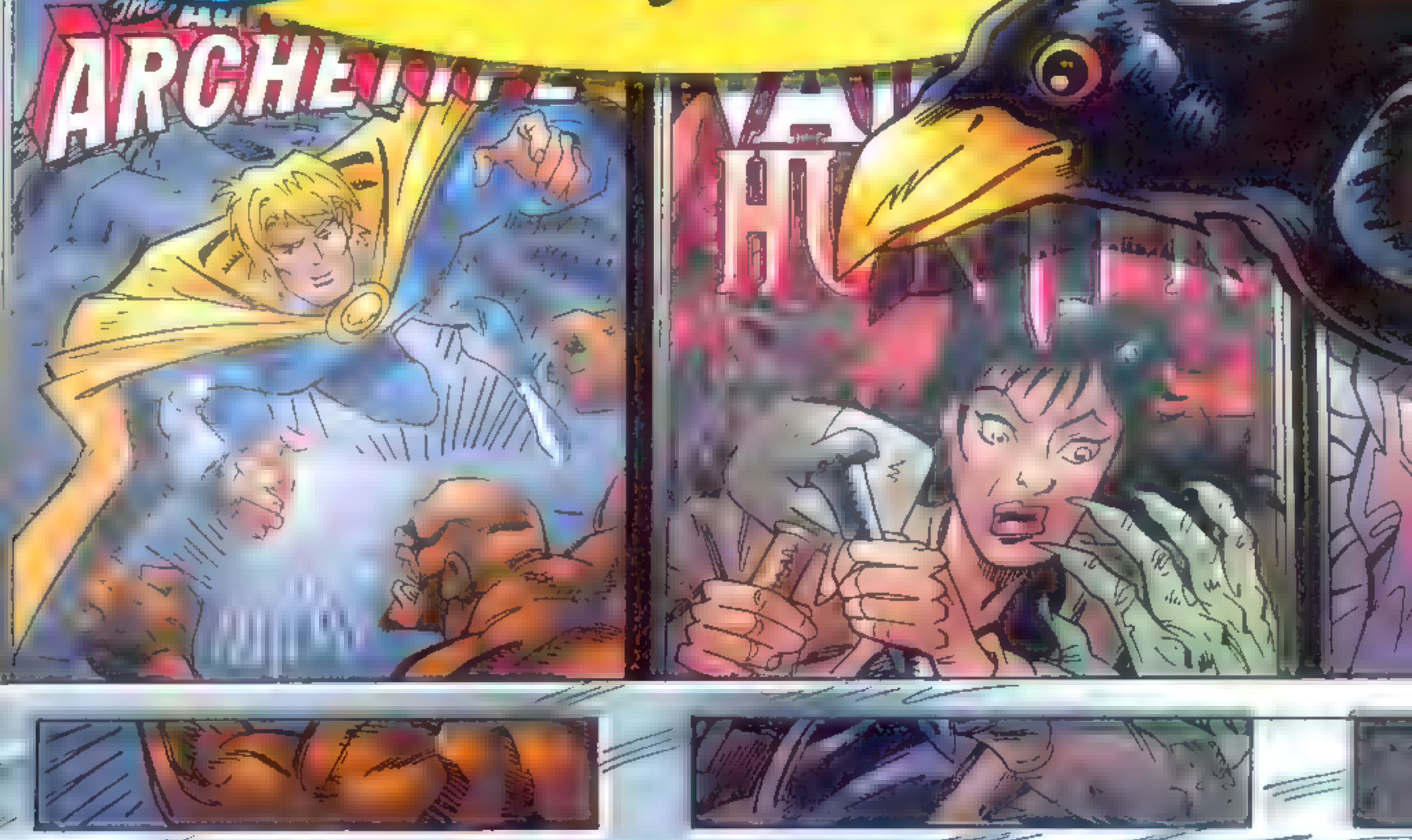
*.HE'LL STUMBLE ONTO THE **SECRET** I'VE BEEN HIDING FROM HIM ALL THESE YEARS.*

!!?!

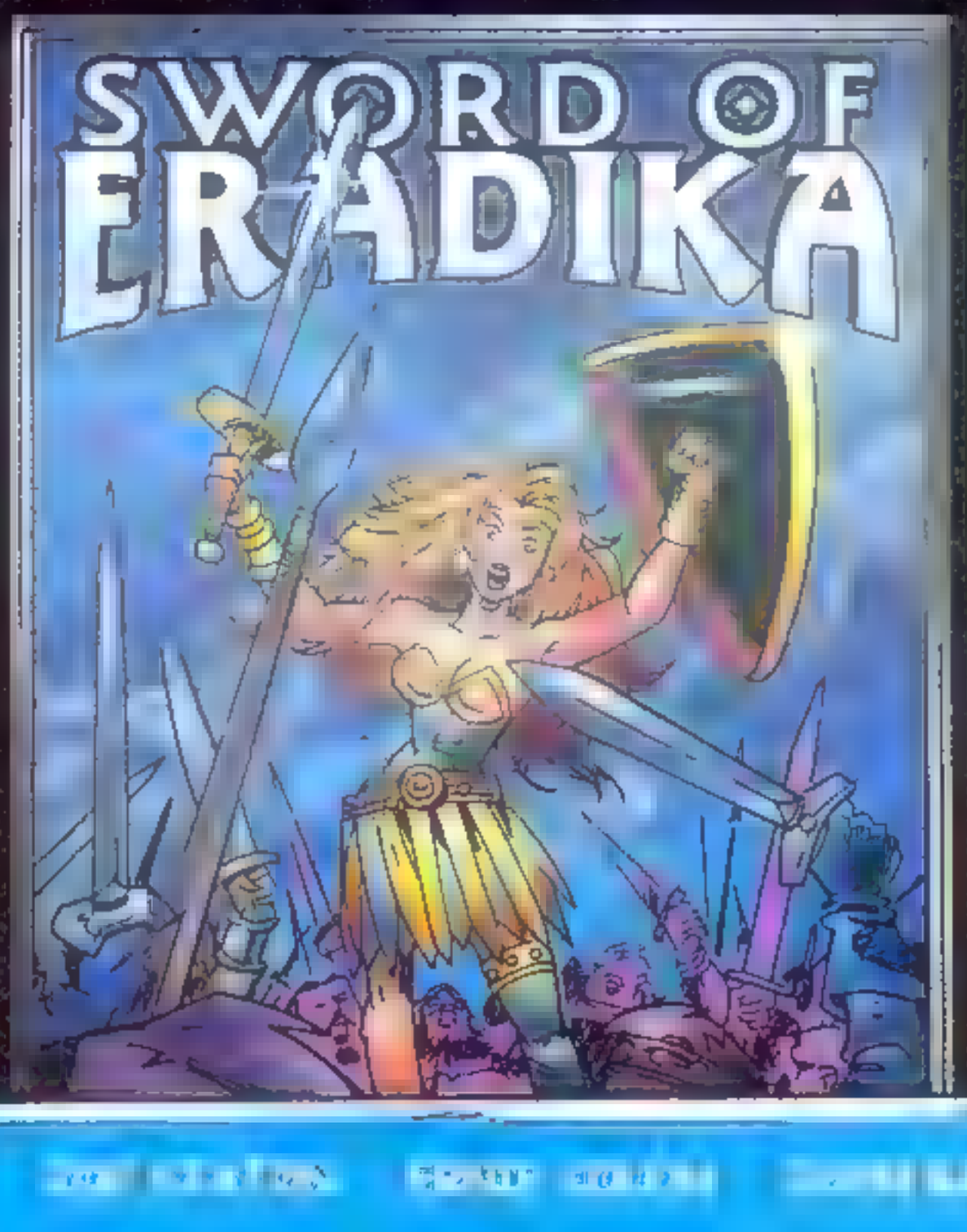
TO BE CONTINUED!

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THE CROSSOVER







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BIOTIX, INC.
BIOTECH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date

Time

Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

Telephone ( )

- ☐ Telephoned
- ☐ Returned your call
- ☑ Last issue
- ☐ Please Call
- ☐ Will call again
- ☐ URGENT

Meet the Crossovers Carter, an biotech executive, his wife Calista, a home hospice worker, and their children, Cris and Cliff.

They're a typical 21st century family, except that each leads a separate life Carter as the superhero Archetype, Calista as a 4th-generation vampire slayer; Cris as the warrior princess Eradika; and Cliff as an alien collaborator

Previously Calista took over ownership of her father's raven, Cassandra – and Cassandra took a shine to Cubby Cris met her new geometry tutor, Aiden Cliff's alien ally PPC was injured in an attack by his own race Archetype's former enemy, Gargantuduan, was cured of his rampages and re-entered society And Eris, the Greek goddess of discord, spread chaos among Crosstown's lovers, including Carter and Calista

The Crossovers™ Vol 1, ssue 8. NOVEMBER 2003 FIRST PR NTING. **Published by Code 6 Comics, L.C. Office of publicaton** 4023 Tampa Road Suite 2400 Oldsmar Florida 34677 **Code 6 Comics™** is a subsidiary of CrossGen P ublishing L C a subsidiary of C ossGen Entertainment Inc The **Code 6 Comics logo™ Code 6 Comics ™** and **Code 6 ™** are Trademark and Copyright 2003 C ossGen ntellectua Property L C The **Crossovers ™** and a characters and mages are Trademark and Copyright 2003 C ossGen ntellectua Property L C and Robert Rodi A RIGHTS RESERVED The s ones incidents and characters in this pu blication are fictional Any similarities to persons living or dead are **purely coincidental With the excep**-tion of artwork used for review purposes none of the contents of this book may be reproduced n any form without the express written consent of **Code 6 Comics** PR NTED IN CANADA

SO, NOW THAT YOU'VE REVEALED YOUR *SECRET IDENTITY* TO ME, THE QUESTION IS. .

DO WE SHARE IT WITH THE *KIDS?*

I KNOW THEY'RE NOT *CHILDREN* ANYMORE. BUT CAN THEY HANDLE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF KNOWING THEIR FATHER'S REALLY *ARCHETYPE?*

UMM. I DON'T KNOW

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? WHY IS HE SUDDENLY SO **DISTANT?**

"MM"? WHAT KIND OF ANSWER IS THAT?

SOMETHING'S WRONG. .BUT WHAT? COULD HE HAVE FIGURED OUT I'VE BEEN **LYING** TO HIM ALL THESE YE--

I THINK THEY'VE EARNED OUR TRUST. I MEAN, BETWEEN OUR CAREERS, THEY'VE LARGELY HAD TO RAISE THEMSELVES.

MM.

I CAN'T *STAND* THIS ANYMORE.

I'VE GOT TO *GO.*

CARTER! WAIT!..

CROSS YOUR HEARTS

PART TWO.

"...DON T *LEAVE* ME!"

.. SHE'S *LEFT* US. THE PRINCESS HAS GONE BACK TO HER OTHER REALM.

SO SHE HAS, MICHOR.

BUT SHE HAS NOT DONE SO PERMANENTLY SHE WILL RETURN TO US.

WE CANNOT AFFORD TO *WAIT*

THE CAPITOL IS IN *CHAOS*. THE IMPERATRIX S FALL HAS LEFT A *VACUUM* OF POWER.

WE MUST MOVE FROM THIS REMOTE PLAIN AND MARCH ON THE CITY...

...WE MUST CLAIM AND OCCUPY THE *PALACE*.

IN WHOSE NAME? *YOURS*, MICHOR?

MINE IS AS GOOD AS ANY.

NAY, BETTER .. FOR I HAVE THE *WILL*.

AND I, THE *RIGHT* ..

...AND I SAY WE AWAIT THE EXPRESS DICTATE OF OUR LIEGE LADY

CLANG

WE WILL STAND UPON THE ORDER OF *ERADIKA.*

YOU'RE A *FOOL,* ARRAN...

CLANG

CLANG

...A *LOYAL* FOOL, BUT A FOOL ALL THE SAME.

CLANG

HEAR THAT, WIZARD?

CLANG CLANG

SOUNDS LIKE ARRAN'S TAKEN ON *ANOTHER* WORTHY WARRIOR WHOSE FINGERS ITCH FOR ERADIKA'S CROWN.

MAKES ONE DOUBT WHETHER ANY OF YOU WILL BE LEFT STANDING WHEN YOUR BELOVED PRINCESS RETURNS.

IF.

SHE RETURNS.

I CANNOT BUT WONDER AT WHAT SO *CHARMS* HER IN HER OTHER REALM THAT IT KEEPS HER YET FROM YOU.

CLANG

ANOTHER SIP, PLEASE. I'M FEELING CELEBRATORY

...SO, WHEN THE DEGREE OF *ONE* ANGLE CHANGES, IT NECESSARILY CAUSES AN EQUAL CHANGE IN...HOW MANY OTHER ANGLES?

UM ONE?

CORRECT! AND DO YOU KNOW *WHY* THAT IS?

BECAUSE .. YOU SAY SO?

UH...*NO.*

THE MATHEMATICAL LAWS THAT GOVERN THE UNIVERSE WERE IN EXISTENCE LONG BEFORE I WAS AROUND TO HAVE A SAY IN THE MATTER.

LET'S TAKE A BREAK.

Y'KNOW, I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T GET YOUR *BROTHER* TO HELP YOU WITH THIS.

ISN'T HE, LIKE, A CERTIFIED GENIUS?

SUPPOSEDLY.

A TEN-YEAR OLD FRESHMAN!...HOW MANY GRADES DID HE SKIP, ANYWAY?

THREE FOUR. WHO CARES?

AS IF I'D LISTEN TO ANYTHING *HE* SAID.

WANT A SODA, OR SOMETHING?

SURE!

'SCUSE ME FOR SAYING SO, BUT YOU SEEM KINDA *UNHAPPY*, CRISTINA.

PLEASE... CALL ME CRIS.

WILL *THAT* MAKE YOU HAPPY?

I'M NOT *UNHAPPY*...

I'VE JUST GOT A LOT ON MY MIND.

LIKE WHAT?

FFOSH

NEVER MIND.

OKAY...

...KINDA NOSY OF ME TO ASK. SORRY.

NO, IT'S NOT THAT...

AH! THE AWKWARD, FUMBLING EMOTIONS OF YOUTH...

...IT'S JUST, I CAN'T TELL *ANYBODY*.

OH, COME ON. NOTHING'S SO TERRIBLE YOU CAN'T TELL *SOMEONE* IN YOUR LIFE.

NO INDEED.

IT'S NOT THAT IT'S *TERRIBLE*.

WELL, I MEAN IT *IS*. SORT OF BUT THE REAL REASON IS, YOU'D THINK I WAS BASICALLY *INSANE*

I WOULDN'T PROMISE.

YOU HEARD THE BOY, MY DEAR. SO GO ON...

...TELL HIM.

I...I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT SOMEHOW I *TRUST* YOU. I.

...I'M NOT JUST CRIS CROSSOVER, IS THE THING I'M ALSO A WARRIOR PRINCESS IN ANOTHER DIMENSION THAT I GET TO BY GOING THROUGH THE CATCH BASIN IN OUR BASEMENT. AND THERE WAS THIS *WAR*, SEE, WHERE I LED MY TRIBE~THE *BELLEKOSIN*~AGAINST THIS TOTAL WITCH NAMED *IMPERATRIX TYRANNA*.

I MEAN, WE WON AND EVERYTHING, BUT THIS *GENERAL* BETRAYED ME AND NOW EVERYONE'S AFTER ME TO HAVE HIM KILLED BUT SOMEHOW I CAN'T AND I'M WONDERING, WHY *NOT?* IF LIFE IS SO PRECIOUS HOW COME I COULD KILL ALL THOSE *OTHER* PEOPLE BUT NOT HIM? AM I, LIKE, A MONSTER, OR AN IDIOT, OR WHAT?

GO ON. DON'T BE AFRAID. *REPLY.*

TELL HER YOUR VOTE GOES TO "IDIOT."

I...I...

MMMN

I'M *SORRY*, I...

I DON'T KNOW WHY I *DID* THAT...I MEAN, I *KNOW* WHY I DID THAT...

...I'VE WANTED TO DO IT SINCE I SET *EYES* ON YOU...

...BUT I DON'T KNOW *WHY* I DID IT, I.. JUST..

...OH, GOD DON'T *HATE* ME..

...STILL SO *SHY*, MY SWEET? AH, BUT IT BECOMES YOU! ƷRAAWKϵ THIS QUALITY OF UNSULLIED *INNOCENCE* IS TO ME MOST IRRESISTIBLE...

CR-340

HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR FATHER?

DID YOU SEE SOMEONE LEAVE?

WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?

WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?

OHHHH...

CRIS...?

...JUST ONE LOOK! ⇒RRAAWWK⇐ FAVOR ME WITH BUT *ONE* GLANCE FROM THOSE ETERNAL, LIMPID *POOLS*...

HELL'S BELLS.

CLIFF, ARE YOU READY?...

...WE'RE RUNNING LATE!

YOU'RE RUNNING LATE. I'VE BEEN READY FOR HALF AN HOUR

...SHALL I SING FOR YOU? ⇒RAWWK⇐ LET *MELODY* PROCLAIM THAT WHICH *WORDS* CANNOT?

WHAT'S THAT?

GRAMPA'S BIRD. I'LL EXPLAIN IN THE CAR.

"WHEN I'M CALLING YOOOO-OOOUU..." ⇒RRAWWK⇐

SO ONCE AGAIN I AM *ABANDONED* ON THIS BRUTAL, BACKWARD ORB.

S[S]?... IS THAT YOU?...

I'M *HERE*, SIR!

AM I.. DYING, S[S]?...

NO, SIR, *NO!*

AND YET I *FEEL* AS THOUGH MY LIFE IS EBBING...

IT MUSTN'T, SIR! YOU MUST *HOLD ON!* YOU MEAN TOO MUCH TO OUR...UMM, TO THE...UH...

OH, DASH IT ALL, SIR! YOU MEAN TOO MUCH TO *ME.*

WH- WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?.... YOU CANNOT MEAN .

I KNOW, SIR. IT IS *FORBIDDEN*...

...BONDS OF *AFFECTION* BETWEEN THE SEVEN CASTES AND FOUR GENDERS ARE *STRICTLY* REGULATED BY THE COUNCIL OF ELECT.

YET I CANNOT *HELP* MYSELF! YOUR COURAGE...YOUR FORTITUDE...YOUR IMPRESSIVELY SHAPED *BROW*...

OOOOHH

NEVER MIND, SIR. I'LL STAY WITH YOU TILL THE PAIN GOES AWAY

...I'LL STAY WITH YOU *FOREVER*...

...HELLO? THIS IS *PERRY NOIA.*

I CALLED YOU EARLIER TODAY ABOUT EXTERMINATING MY BASEMENT?..

THUD

WHO

I WONDER IF YOU COULD COME A LITTLE *SOONER* THE MICE SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE...

CRASH

SHATTER

"...IN FACT, I THINK THEY MIGHT ACTUALLY BE *SQUIRRELS*."

WHAM

I'LL GO FETCH THE ENFIERS STAY PUT.

WHERE EXACTLY WOULD I GO?

HOW DISAPPOINTING BY THE LOOKS OF YOU TWO, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY SOMEPLACE *INTERESTING*

. *THIS* PLACE SEEMS A *MAUSOLEUM.*

DON'T TELL ME WE'RE *STOPPING* HERE ..

THEY'RE JUST COMING DO YOU MIND SITTING IN BACK WITH ANDATA?

DO I *MIND...?*

AH! *MUCH* BETTER...

..BETWEEN THE LOT OF YOU, I'M *BOUND* TO HAVE SOME FUN...

CLIFF, I COULD USE SOME *HELP* HERE

JUST A MINUTE! I'M HELPING ANDATA.

I M *FINE*..

OH, HOW *WONDERFUL*...

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO *BEGIN!*

OHH, LORETTA...

..=CHOKE= WHY? WHY? .

WHY, INDEED?

EH?

OH. HELLO, ARCHETYPE.

WOMEN, EH, JUAN?... YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL, YOU THINK, *"THIS IS IT, THIS IS THE REAL DEAL"* ..

...THEN YOU TURN AROUND, AND YOU REALIZE YOU DON'T KNOW HER AT *ALL*.

AND WORSE . YOU NEVER DID.

LORETTA SAID SHE'D *WAIT*. IF IT TOOK *FOREVER*, SHE SAID.

WELL, NOW! *HERE'S* A DESPONDENT BEHEMOTH I MIGHT PUT TO MERRY USE..

WHAT CAN I TELL YOU, BUDDY?..

...A WOMAN'S DEFINITION OF "*FOREVER*" JUST ISN'T THE SAME AS A GUY'S.

HM.

GOLDEN BOY ISN'T ***BAD*** AT THIS. BUT I'D PREFER YOU LISTEN ONLY TO ***ME***.

ARCHETYPE!...

EEP

LATER, GENTLEMEN.

..DID I JUST HEAR YOU MALIGNING THE ***FAIRER SEX?***

IS. IS THAT WHO I ***THINK*** IT IS?

JUAN, LET ME INTRODUCE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.

...THE GODDESS AFRODITE.

MY PL...PL PLEAS...

AND MINE AS WELL

NOW, ARCHETYPE...

...IF YOU'RE ***QUITE*** FINISHED POISONING THIS FELLOW'S MIND AGAINST WOMEN, I COULD USE YOUR HELP...

...A MINOR DEITY APPEARS TO HAVE SLIPPED THE BONDS OF ***OLYMPUS*** AND RE-ENTERED THE MATERIAL WORLD IN THIS LOCALITY.

L ES. BETRAYAL HUMIL AT ON

...SHE'S THE GODDESS OF ***DISCORD*** AND ***STRIFE***.

SHE MOCKS YOU NEVER LOVED YOU

...AND IF I DON'T FIND HER QUICKLY, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT ***MISCHIEF*** SHE'LL CAUSE.

BUT YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING TO ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OH... NOTHING.

MARITAL WOES.

BE MORE SPECIFIC, PLEASE

I DON'T WANT TO BURDEN YOU...

DARLING, I'M THE GODDESS OF LOVE. IT'S MY *JOB*.

...AND THAT'S ABOUT IT. I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'D REALLY *LIE* TO ME ALL THESE YEARS.

HM. *FIRST* OF ALL, YOUR SUDDEN *MIND-READING* POWERS HAVE "*ERIS*" WRITTEN ALL OVER THEM.

YOU CAN'T TRUST *ANYTHING* YOU DISCOVER THROUGH HER INTERVENTION. .

...THERE. I'VE DISPELLED THEM.

UNSOUND

YOU KEPT YOUR *OWN* SECRET FROM CALISTA FOR YEARS. *YOU* CHOSE WHEN TO REVEAL IT TO HER; LET *HER* CHOOSE WHEN TO RECIPROCATE.

I .. YOU'RE RIGHT.

I JUST HOPE SHE *DOES*.

SHE WILL.

OH, MY, WASN'T IT ALL SO MUCH SIMPLER IN THE OLD DAYS?

BACK WHEN WE FOUGHT EVIL IN THE *PROTECTORS*, BESIDE *BLACK VELVET*, *FLEETFEET*, *GOLDEN ROD* AND *SCARLET ARCHER*?

ACTUALLY, THAT WASN'T ME. THAT WAS *PROTOTYPE*.

OOPS! FORGIVE ME.

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AROUND FIVE THOUSAND YEARS, THE DETAILS TEND TO *BLUR*...

I'M STUFFED. WANNA GO FOR A WALK, CLIFF?

YOU BET!

IT'S BEEN ***MONTHS*** SINCE I'VE SEEN ANDATA THIS ANIMATED. I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH.

FOR THE LAST TIME, CLAUDE, I HAVEN'T ***DONE*** ANYTHING. ANDATA'S RECOVERY IS STILL A MYSTERY TO ME...

...BUT I AGREE, SHE SEEMS OUT OF DANGER. I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO ***MOVE ON***. FIND ANOTHER PATIENT.

WHAT? ***NO...***

...WHY...ANDATA COULD HAVE A ***RELAPSE*** AT ANY TIME. YOU SAID YOURSELF THIS ***VAMPIRE*** FELLOW'S STILL AT LARGE..

AND...AND I, I THINK I'M UNWELL, MYSELF! I HAVE A ***COUGH***. POSSIBLY ***PLEURISY***...

DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT, THE WAY HE THROWS HIMSELF AT HER? AND HER, A MARRIED WOMAN!

HE'S NEVER EVEN LOOKED ***TWICE*** AT YOU.

"...AND YOU'VE LOVED HIM WITH ALL YOUR HEART FOR *YEARS*. THE CONTEMPTIBLE CAD!"

..WELL, YOUR *TEMPERATURE* SEEMS NORMAL. I'D SUGGES--

OH!

CALISTA?... WHAT IS IT?

N-NOTHING, I ..

IT'S GETTING LATE. WE SHOULD BE GOING.

CLIFF!...

CLIFF!...

WHAT DOES SHE WANT NOW? WE'VE BARELY HAD A CHANCE TO TALK!

I KNOW..

...AND THERE'S SO *MUCH* I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE INVASION. YOU'VE GOT TO FILL ME IN ON HOW I CAN HELP OUR ALIEN MASTERS

UH.

ACTUALLY, I WAS HOPING WE COULD JUST TALK MORE ABOUT... Y'KNOW. *US*.

OKAY. LET'S TALK ABOUT US.

WHAT IS OUR ROLE IN THE ENSLAVEMENT OF EARTH?

=SIGH=

RRRAAAGH!

WHOA! WHAT WAS *THAT?*

LORETTA!
YOU LIED TO ME! YOU BETRAYED ME!
OH--
OH--
OH, NO.
WHAT IS IT?
MY FRIEND, JUAN. HE'S LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF AGAIN
ERIS! THIS IS MORE OF HER HANDIWORK.
WE MUST STOP HIM BEFORE HE HARMS SOMEONE.
WAIT.
"...LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEATEN US TO IT."
HEY, EVERYBODY! DON'T PANIC!
I JUST FLEW IN FROM OUT OF TOWN, AND BOY, ARE MY ARMS TIRED...

...NOT!

POW!

WHO IS THAT?

MY YOUNG PROTEGE...

"... ARCHETYKE."

CLAUDE, I CAN'T FIND THE *CHILDREN*...

THERE THEY ARE!

WHO *IS* THAT?

I'M NOT SURE.

...ARCHETYPE'S JUNIOR PARTNER, I THINK.

WHOEVER HE IS. HE'S ***MUCH*** MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THIS MERE ***CHILD*** WHO'S BEEN DROOLING OVER YOU. DON'T YOU AGREE?

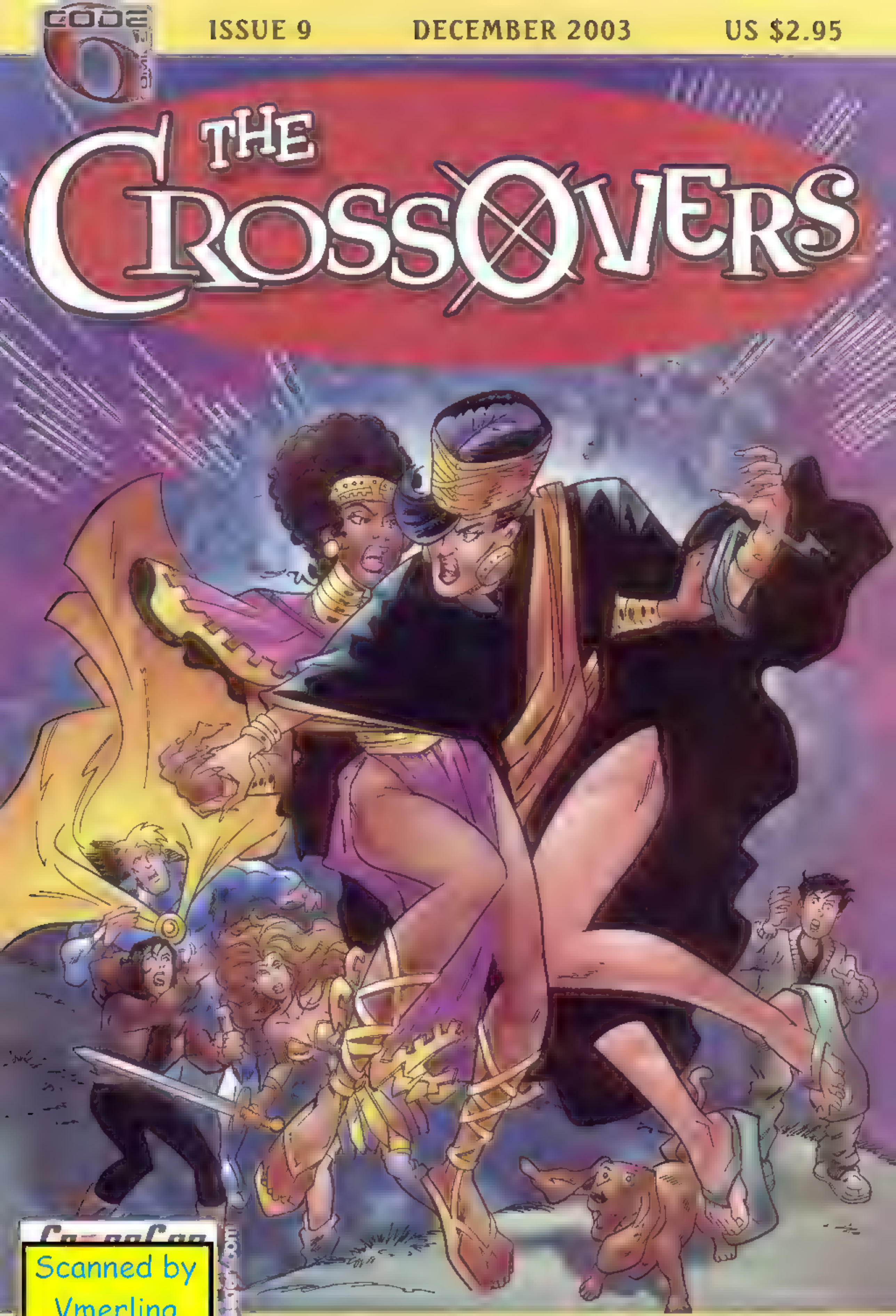
YES...

...HE'S ***MAGNIFICENT!***

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE CROSSOVERS



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ROBERT RODI JOE STATON ERNIE COLÓN MARK McNABB

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WHILE YOU WERE OUT

For THE READER

Date

Time

Taken By

From ROBERT RODI

- [ ] Please Call
- [ ] Will call again
- [ ] URGENT
- [ ] returned your call
- [x] Last issue

Meet the Crossovers Carter, an biotech executive, his wife Calista, a home hospice worker, and their children, Cris and Cliff

They're a typical 21st century family, except that each leads a separate life Carter as the super-hero Archetype, Calista as a 4th-generation vampire slayer, Cris as the warrior princess Eradika, and Cliff as an alien collaborator

Previously Eris, the goddess of discord, spread chaos among Crosstown's lovers, including Carter and Calista. Afrodite, goddess of love, asked Archetype's help in catching her Cris revealed her Eradika identity to her new geometry tutor, Aiden, who kissed her Cliff fell for the teenage beauty Andata Enfier Archetype's former foe, Gargantuluan, went on a jealous rampage over his girlfriend Loretta. The vampire wives of the Baron Corpescu were atomized on the Crossovers' front lawn And the family's new pet raven Cassandra, took an immediate shine to Cubby the dachshund.

The Crossovers ™ Vo Issue 9 DECEMBER 20 3 F RST PRINTING Pub shed by Code 6 Comics LC Office of publication 4833 Tampa Road Suite 245 Oldsmar Florida 34677 **Code 6 Comics** s a subs d a y of C ossGen Publishing LLC a subsidiary C ossGen Entertainment nc The **Code 6 Com cs logo**™ **Code 6 Comics** ™ and Code 6 ™ are T ademark and Copyright 2003 CrossGen Intellectua Property LLC **The Crossovers™ and all characters and images** are Trademark and Copyright 2003 C ossGen ntellectua Property LLC and Robert Rod All RIGHTS RESERVED The stories nc dents and d aracters in this publication are fictional Any s mi arities to persons living or dead are purely coinc dental With the exception of artwork used for review pu poses none of the contents of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express written consent of Code 6 Comics PRINTED IN CANADA

LIMPITT

DIING DONNG

OH. HEY

HOW'D YOU FIND ME?

YOU LEFT YOUR JACKET.

THERE'S A LABEL WITH YOUR ADDRESS SEWN ONTO THE COLLAR.

=SIGH= MY MOM INSISTS ON DOING THAT

SO SHOULD I SQUEEZE IT THROUGH THE CRACK, OR WHAT?

OH SORRY.

...COME ON IN.

THANKS.

OH, YOU'VE GOT A DOG, TOO!

YEAH, THAT'S RIBBON.

HELLO, RIBBON! HELLO, GIRL!

UH, CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING? SODA?

SURE. IF I'M NOT INTRUDING.

NAH. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE. MY PARENTS SPEND EVERY SATURDAY *GOLFING*.

THIS IS REALLY EMBARRASSING. MY MOM ONLY BUYS OFF BRANDS.

YOUR CHOICES ARE *DIET WINKY* AND *BLACK CHERRY PIPPLE*.

ACTUALLY, I'M NOT REAL THIRSTY...

...I JUST REALLY WANTED TO RETURN YOUR JACKET. AND SAY, Y'KNOW, *THANKS*.

FOR NOT FREAKING OUT ABOUT EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU. IN FACT, FOR DOING JUST THE OPPOSITE.

YOU'RE WAY SWEET

YOU'RE DEAD MEAT!

CROSS YOUR HEARTS

CONCLUSION

HAH! SAYS THE MAN WITH BREATH LIKE MONTH-OLD BALONEY!

LOOK AT HIM..

...DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE SO HUNKY?

=GRUNT= PROBABLY ALL PADDING.

KAPOW

...HE'S YOUR PROTEGÉ, YOU SAY?

WELLLLL, A BIT MORE THAN THAT...

...HE'S ACTUALLY ME.

AN IDENTICAL COPY CLONED FROM MY CELLS THOUGH WITH AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT UPBRINGING THAT HASN'T DONE WONDERS FOR HIS TEMPERAMENT...

"...OR HIS JUDGMENT."

S'MATTER, BIG GUY? I LOOSEN THE BOLTS IN YOUR NECK OR SOMETH~

~NNNGG

RRRKKK

THUNNK

GASP

GASP

HANNH... HANNNH.

GASP

HANNNH

"DO YOU FEEL IT, MY LOVE? RRAAWK

...FIREWORKS! JUBILATION!...

...KITES AND STREAMERS AND *TRUMPETS'* BLASTS...

...OH, THAT LOVE SHOULD COME WITH SUCH A *VIOLENT* TUMULT! →RRAAAWK←

WHAT *SPLENDOR!* WHAT *RAVISHMENT!* WHAT BLESSED~

→RRAAAWWK!←

EZZZT

...IT *LOVES ME!*

OUR DESIRE *SIZZLES!* →*RRAAWK*← IT SCORCHES AND SINGES AS SUCH EPIC PASSION *MUST!*...

".. SUCH A LOVE WILL SURELY BURN HOT FOR ALL *TIME!* ƷRRAAWKɆ"

ARE YOU COMING?..

I'M COMING.

I HUNGER..

I KNOW.

IT HURTS.

NOT FOR LONG.

WSSHHHH

HURRY! *HURRY!*.

AH.. *AHH*..

=SMACK=

=CHOMP=

NOT MUCH *LONGER* MUST YOU ENDURE THIS DEGRADED EXISTENCE

BEFORE I DIE I'LL SEND YOU ON AHEAD THAT WHICH I LACKED THE COURAGE TO DO IN LIFE, I'LL DO ON THE PRECIPICE OF *DEATH* SO I SWEAR.

..MY DARLING.

=BURP=

KAPOW

..AAAND WE HAVE A ***WINNAH!***

PIECE OF CAKE

EVEN MY ***HAIR GEL*** HELD UP

OHHH.

. YOU WERE ***AMAZING!*** YOU SAVED US ***ALL!***

I BEG TO DIFFER

YEAH, I S POSE I ***DID.***

...IF GARGANTUJUAN HAD ***REALLY*** BEEN AT FULL STRENGTH, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANDLE HIM

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

UHHH...

THAT YOU BROUGHT HIM DOWN SO ***EASILY*** SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU HE WASN'T QUITE HIMSELF.

YOU MIGHT HAVE SCALED DOWN YOUR ***BRUTALITY*** ACCORDINGLY

COME ***ON***, POPS...

...DON'T HARSH ON MY ***ANCES-CHAY*** WITH THE ***ALENT-TAY***.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, ARCHETYKE...

AND LISTEN, WE JUST ***GOTTA*** DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ***NAME***. I MEAN, I'M ***THIRTEEN*** ALREADY.

I'M THINKING OF SOMETHING MORE LIKE, "***ARCHESTUD***."

ANDATA!...

HM?

GET ***AWAY*** FROM THAT BEAST! HE MIGHT YET HAVE SOME ***FIGHT*** IN HIM

NOT TO WORRY, SIR...

...IT'S AS I SUSPECTED. HE IS UNDER THE GODDESS OF DISCORD'S *SPELL*.

THERE. I'VE FREED HIM.

=GROAN=

WHAT HAPPENED?...

LORETTA!...IS SHE STILL...

OH.

WELL, THERE GOES ANY CHANCE I HAD OF BEING *ACCEPTED*

COME ALONG, ANDATA. ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE DAY.

YOU TOO, CLIFF...

CALISTA... WAIT!

YOU KNOW THE GORILLA?

MM.

RUN ON AHEAD, I'LL CATCH UP .

LISTEN I'M SORRY IF I

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN IF--

ARCHETYPE!...

=SIGH= SHE'S CALLING YOU. YOU'D BETTER GO.

YEAH... WE'LL TALK AT HOME.

I'VE *CAUGHT* HER!

BEHOLD *ERIS*, GODDESS OF DISCORD.

SHE MADE HERSELF INVISIBLE, BUT I *SMELLED* HER OUT.

THAT UNMISTAKABLE STENCH OF DECEPTION AND ENVY .

WELL, WELL! CAN T SAY I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MAAM...

..YOU VE CAUSED ME A GREAT DEAL OF *TROUBLE* TODAY. BUT IT'S NOTHING I CAN'T FIX

HSSSS

OH, SHE S BEEN DOING DAMAGE *ALL OVER* CROSSTOWN...

BUT DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU..

"...IT TOOK ME THE BETTER PART OF THE DAY..."

I'LL TAKE THAT, REGINA.

THANK YOU, DEAR.

"...BUT I THINK I'VE *REVERSED* IT ALL"

COME ON NOW, JUAN.

GET UP.

WHAT FOR? I'VE GOT NO PLACE TO GO.

NONSENSE. YOU STILL HAVE FRIENDS WHO'LL LOOK AFTER YOU.

GIVE ME A HAND HERE, ARCHETYKE

ARCHESTUD.

BACK TO BIOTIX, THEN?

NOT FOREVER.

BUT FOR NOW.

LOOK, CLIFF! THERE HE IS AGAIN!

AND I CARE BECAUSE...?

DON T BE SILLY! THINK OF EVERYTHING HE COULD DO FOR..

OUR *CAUSE*.

...THAT WAS A BIT MORE ***EVENTFUL*** THAN I'D HAVE LIKED, BUT I'M ALMOST GETTING ***USED*** TO SUCH GOINGS-ON.

YOU CERTAINLY KNOW A LOT OF SUPERHEROES, CALISTA. WHAT DID ARCHETYPE HAVE TO ***SAY*** TO YOU?

NOTHING...

...HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING.

NO, REALLY, I'VE BEEN GIVING IT SOME THOUGHT...

YOUR WHOLE PROBLEM ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO EXECUTE THIS GUY, *GIMP*

GASH.

GASH EVEN THOUGH HE BETRAYED YOU, AND EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TROUBLE KILLING ANYONE *ELSE* IN YOUR BIG...WAR, OR WHATEVER.

OH, IT WAS *DEFINITELY* A WAR

SEE, MY OPINION IS... DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY HERE...

WHO, *ME?*

...I THINK IT'S LIKE, YOU'RE IN A BATTLE, AND KILLING IS JUST THE NORM. YOU DON'T THINK, YOU JUST *DO* IT

IT'S SORT OF LIKE, TIME MOVES AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS. SOMETIMES IT GOES FAST AND YOU JUST HAVE TO *ACT*...

...AND THEN IT SLOWS *DOWN*, AND YOU HAVE ROOM TO *THINK*.

WOW, THAT'S SO *WILD* YOU WOULD SAY THAT! 'CAUSE, LIKE, I GO TO THE BELLEKOSIN EVERY DAY, RIGHT?..

...BUT, SOMETIMES, IT'S LIKE I JUST LEFT THEM A COUPLE MINUTES EARLIER, AND SOMETIMES THEY ACT LIKE I'VE BEEN GONE FOR A *WEEK*.

YOU REALIZE, ANYONE OVERHEARING THIS CONVERSATION WOULD THINK WE'VE TOTALLY *FLIPPED*.

AND HAVEN'T WE?...

...OHH YES OH IT'S TRUE, IT S A WONNNDERFUL WORLD.

..I'LL EEEVEN WAVE AT MY CRAAZY NEEEIGH-BOR...

DISRESPECTFUL BRAT.

WHERE'S THE BLOODY *EXTERMINATOR?* I'M NOT GOING BACK IN THE HOUSE TILL IT S BEEN RID OF THOSE SQUIRRELS..

". SQUIRRELS? HELL, *WOLVERINES*, BY THE SOUND OF THEM!"

LIBERATE ROSWEL

SO. YOU RULE YOUR OWN *EMPIRE* ON ANOTHER DIMENSIONAL PLANE.

RULED, ALAS. IT WAS BUT RECENTLY TAKEN FROM ME.

HELP ME WIN IT BACK AND YOU MAY REIGN BESIDE ME, AS MY CONSORT.

AGREED. JUST AS YOU SHALL BE MY QUEEN IN *THIS* WORLD, ONCE YOU'VE HELPED ME BRING IT TO HEEL.

MY OTHERWORLDLY CONQUEROR!

MY EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL GODDESS!

AMAZING HOW FAR ONE HAS TO LOOK, THESE DAYS TO FIND A KINDRED SPIRIT...

MM.

THANKS, MOM. DELICIOUS!

YOU'RE THE BEST COOK **EVER.**

I'M GOING TO THE BASEMENT TO STUDY.

...WHO **WAS** THAT?

IT LOOKED LIKE OUR DAUGHTER...

.. BUT IT ACTUALLY ***INGESTED FOOD.***

WELL, THAT MAKES ONE OF US.

CLIFFORD CROSSOVER?...THE ENVOY-PRIME RESTS COMFORTABLY.

...G-GOOD... =SNF=

ARE YOU QUITE **WELL,** CLIFFORD CROSSOVER?

I'M.. =CHOKE= FIIIINE...

ALL THOUGHTS OF MUTINY ARE *QUELLED*, WIZARD. BUT I CANNOT SAY FOR HOW LONG ..

...AND IN TRUTH, I AM *SPENT* FROM MY LABORS. I CAN NO LONGER OFFER RESISTANCE IN THE EVENT IT AGAIN ARISES.

YOU HAVE EARNED THE RESPECT OF THE BELLEKOSIN ELITE, ARRAN. THEY WILL HONOR YOU...FOR A TIME.

AND AT THE *END* OF SUCH TIME?... FORGIVE ME, HOCUS, I BEGIN TO DESPAIR OF ERADIKA.

IT HAS BEEN *FOUR WEEKS* SINCE SHE LEFT US. PERHAPS IN TRUTH SHE MEANS *NOT* TO RETURN.

THE REMNANTS OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY ARE COMING TOGETHER ANEW.. THE CAPITAL REMAINS VULNERABLE, MIRED IN *ANARCHY* ..

DRINK THIS. IT WILL RESTORE YOUR STRENGTH AND SPIRIT.

AND DESPAIR NOT OF ERADIKA...

. SHE *WILL* RETURN

LIKE SO MUCH ELSE THAT HAS COME TO PASS, IT HAS BEEN FORETOLD.

WELL, CHALK UP ANOTHER ONE FOR THE *PROPHECIES*...

I GUESS YOU GUYS *MISSED* ME, HUH?

GRADIKAAAA!

HIGHNESS, *FORGIVE* ME! THE WORDS YOU OVERHEARD WERE SPOKEN IN EXHAUSTION AND DISMAY..

OH, *GET UP*, ARRAN THERE'S LOTS TO DO...

...WE'VE GOT TO PULL UP STAKES AND MARCH ON THE *CAPITAL* BEFORE IT ALL FALLS TO PIECES.

WE NEED SOME STRATEGIES FOR OUR ENTRY. *HANDLE* THAT, WILL YOU?

ANYTHING YOU DESIRE, MILADY.

NOW WHAT'S *GASH* STILL DOING IN THE STOCKADE? HASN'T ANYONE PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY YET?.

SHE HAS RETURNED, HOCUS! IN MY OWN HOUR OF BLACKEST DOUBT!

YES, ARRAN. AND IT APPEARS SHE'S COME *ALONE*

DOESN'T SHE ALWAYS, WIZARD?

INDEED SO BUT THE PROPHECIES FORETELL THAT NEAR THIS TIME SHE SHALL BRING TO US A WARRIOR FROM HER OTHER REALM .

..A CHAMPION OF *AWESOME POWER* WHO, ONCE ARRIVED...

"...WILL REMAIN AMONG US *FOREVER.*"

CARTER. LISTEN.

WAIT, I SHOULD GO FIRST...

NO, *PLEASE.*

SEEING YOU TODAY... COZYING UP TO THAT *GODDESS*... I REALIZED HOW MUCH I WAS RISKING, WITH THE WAY I'VE BEEN ACTING.

I DON'T WANT TO *LOSE* YOU, CARTER. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU--

WAIT!

YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO LOSE ME.

AND I DON'T WANT TO PUT YOU IN A POSITION WHERE YOU THINK YOU HAVE TO *WIN* ME OR *PROVE* SOMETHING TO ME.

WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT TO SAY TO ME... DON'T SAY IT TILL YOU KNOW YOU'RE READY.

I'LL WAIT.

I *TRUST* YOU...

HERE.

HERE, AT THE STRONGHOLD OF MY ENEMIES, WERE YOU TAKEN FROM ME. HERE ARE SCATTERED YOUR VERY ***ASHES***.

ONCE BEFORE DID I PERFORM THIS DREADED RITE, AT A GREAT AND TERRIBLE PRICE TO MYSELF.

AND THAT WAS FOR BUT ***ONE***. WHAT ***THREE*** WILL COST ME, I TREMBLE TO CONSIDER.

YET I AM CHOICELESS.

FOR I DO ***LOVE*** YOU. AND THUS...

...DAEMONICAE CONDANNATE, TRAI IGNORANNI BEATI, ORSATE I INCUBI MIAT AI VUOTA FATAN DANNATI...

...VIVORAS QUALI NEI BOUIOS VAGOBATE AL PRIX DEN VIVAT MIAT...

...PAPE SATAN, PAPE SATAN ALEPPI!

M-MY LORD... YOU HAVE *RECALLED* US FROM BLACK OBLIVION!

BUT AT WHAT COST TO YOUR UNHOLY *SELF?*

BEAR HIM UP! WE MUST HIE HIM TO THE CASTLE WHERE, WITH BLOOD ENOUGH AND TIME, HE MAY REGAIN HIS *UNDEAD FORTITUDE.*

WAIT!...

...THERE IS SOMETHING HERE...

...A *PRESENCE*...I HAVE NOT FELT...FOR *CENTURIES*...

...HOW... HOW CAN THIS *BE*...

YOU MAY INVESTIGATE ANOTHER DAY, MY LORD...

...FOR NOW, *RESIGN* YOURSELF TO OUR LOVING CARE.

SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY...

CROSSTOWN COLLEGE

I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS UNLEASHING THE GODDESS OF DISCORD INTO THE WORLD...

OTTO MERRIMAN, CLASSICS DEPT.

...I MEANT ONLY TO SUMMON THE GOD OF *LOVE*, TO HELP ME IN MY LONELINESS.

IN MY DESPERATION, I MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

WELL, NOW...

...WE CAN'T RISK YOU BECOMING THAT DESPERATE *AGAIN*, CAN WE?

CLICK

...OHHH *MY*...

THE END